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For the Register.

IDOLATRY.

The thing called *idolatry*, has a bad name. It is never used in a good sense. No one, perhaps, ever ventured to justify and defend it. And yet, possibly, idolatry is not the worst thing in the world. Idolatry, superstition and true religion are, each of them, the growth of the same seed. The elementary principle of them is one and identical. It is the tendency in human nature to venerate the known or the unknown God; to worship the great first cause of all being and phenomena.

Idolatry may be defined to be the substitution of a *false god* in the place of the true. We may distinguish four varieties. 1. The worship of some visible parts of nature as being specially pervaded or inhabited by divinity. 2. The worship of artificial symbols and images as the representatives of divine power. 3. The worship of God having false attributes attached to his character. 4. Constructive idolatry, as covetousness, avarice, ambition and the supreme love of the world.

The variety first mentioned is the most gross and revolting. It prevails only among the most ignorant and stupid portions of the human race. There are said to be tribes on the western coasts of Africa who worship certain rocks and mountains. And other tribes who worship a species of snakes which they keep confined and pampered in cages. And tribes of Indians, in the vicinity of Rodiac, Sitka and New Archangel in North America, who venerate no divinity except a species of raven or crow. Nearly akin to this kind of idolatry was the worship of the river Nile in Egypt; of the Ganges in Hindostan, and of the sun in ancient Persia. It is denominated *Fetishism* and placed lowest on the scale of heathenism.

But how can this gross form of false religion be accounted for? How was it possible for men to arrive at the serious belief, that a rock, a mountain, or a crow, could be an actual divinity! Where we do not *know*, we can only conjecture. And our conjecture, in the case before us, is this. The tops of mountains assume different aspects according to the state of the weather. Sometimes they are capped with fog and clouds; sometimes they are unenveloped and naked. Sometimes they "*loom up*", at other times appear dull and dark. And these different appearances are regarded as prognostics of approaching changes; of rain, of wind, of storm and fair weather. Thus the mountain becomes an almanac to those who live around it. It is next regarded as possessing the prescience of future events. It knows what is about to happen. And it also *tells* what it knows. It thus becomes, not only a prophet but a benefactor. And for its wonderful intelligence and for the benefits it confers, it is conceived to be reasonable that acknowledgments should be made and services rendered.

And on the same principle the fowls of the air may have become objects of religious veneration. The flight and the singing of birds has long been regarded as ominous. Among the Greeks and Romans were an order of priests whose office it was to interpret these omens. If the ravens foretold the changes of the weather it is not incredible that "the poor Indian" should imagine that a divinity resided in them.

And in regard to the deification of serpents, may it not be accounted for, from the sentiment which early and extensively prevailed among many ancient nations, that "the serpent was more subtile than any other beast which the Lord God had made." And hence the proverb, "wise as serpents." The picture of the serpent was the hieroglyphic of wisdom and of immortality. And this notion of the serpent's wisdom may have arisen from its supposed power of *charming* the beasts and birds it wished to devour, and the notion of its immortality from the fact that an old serpent could shed its worn out skin and come forth in all the freshness and beauty of a new one. It seemed to renew its age and thus enjoy perpetual youth.

We now pass to the consideration of the second variety of idolatry; the use of images and other artificial symbols in the worship of God. This form of it prevailed in Egypt, Chaldea, Hindostan, Greece, Rome and very many other nations. It was next to universal. These images were of various figures, sizes and equipments. They were replete with significancy, symbolising the various tendencies, operations and productions of the physical world. One description of image had three heads or faces representing the three great tendencies of nature; that which creates, that which preserves and that which destroys. Jupiter was furnished with one set of implements to express his great power and supremacy; Apollo, with another, significant of his learning and wisdom; Ceres, with another, indicating her magnificence. These gods were mostly immortalized and deified men who had been distinguished warriors, statesmen or inventors of useful arts. As this was the most common form of idolatry and as its general features are well known to most readers it is needless here to detail its peculiarities.

The third variety which we mentioned was that of ascribing false attributes to the true God and worshipping Him as a being who actually possessed them. The Jews are usually spoken of as a people, and as the only people in the world which, for a thousand years previously to the Christian era, abstained from idolatry. So far as the use of images is concerned, this distinction, with some abatement, however, may be justly accorded to them. Yet they practised another species of idolatry. They attributed false and unworthy properties to Jehovah. They made Him to be a partial God; a jealous God; a revengeful God, an arbitrary and a cruel God. He loved one nation and hated all the rest of mankind. He was one great proud Deity amid a hundred other inferior ones whom He hated and waged war against with all his heart and strength. The God whom David worshipped was not identical in character with Him whom Jesus our Lord acknowledged and adored. The former was constantly liable to jealousy and wrath; but the latter was the Father and Benefactor of all nations, constantly doing good, causing the sun to rise on Jew and Gentile and sending rain on the just and the unjust. And the God of Christians has generally been conceived of as one whose character is formed on the Jewish type. The God whom President Edwards worshipped, was every day sending many thousand human souls, the works of his own hands, down to the gates of hell and plunging them into flames which are never to be quenched and from which there could be no deliverance. And the God whom our missionaries generally preach to the heathen is one whose tender and saving mercy is limited to those few of mankind who understand and obey the doctrines and the precepts of what they call the Orthodox faith.

The fourth variety, above mentioned, being not *proper* but *constructive* idolatry, we omit any particular consideration of it. We will bring this essay to a close with a few general remarks.

1. It appears that idolatry is a real form of religion. It is a particular developement of the religious principle in human nature. It is more or less gross according to the degree of ignorance or enlightenment of the people who practice it. Among rude and ignorant tribes only does it take the form of fetishism. Among those more enlightened it takes the type of image worship. If the question be raised, Has idolatry done any good or has it wrought any mischief? We would respond affirmatively to both. Idolatry, doubtless, has effected good. It is better than no religion. It has prevented the extinction of man's religious element. There are tribes of men who entertain no religious belief. Their minds are destitute even of the conception of God. They live and die even as the brutes which perish. And is not fetishism a condition preferable to this? And, very obviously, it has been due to fetishism that extension of blank atheism has been so much limited.

The natives of North America had little or no idolatry. And they had little or no religion. Yet they had not wholly lost the idea of God. But it was so faint and confused that it afforded them small benefit. If they had had even fetishism they might have had more and a better religion. Among those numerous nations who practised the use of image-worship, there doubtless prevailed a much greater amount of religion than would have been obtained without it. They might have been as destitute of religious ideas and feelings as the aborigines of America. The adoption of material symbols in religion assisted the mind. It attracted the senses; it moved the imagination; it instructed the heart. It made religious services a pleasure. And thus religion was prevented from falling into neglect and forgetfulness. And it cannot be reasonably questioned that *imageism* is preferable to no religion.

2. It also appears that idolatry has been, and is now, prevalent in the world. To what extent fetishism prevents it is not easy to tell. But it is well known that what we have just called *imageism* has been next to universal. One half, perhaps, of Christendom may be reckoned in this category. But though Jews, Mahometans and Protestants make no use of images in the worship of God, yet they have not escaped the just charge of idolatry. Most of them worship an imaginary God. The ideal of their adoration exists not in heaven and no where else but in their own conceptions. The Jewish Jehovah is in reality an idol. And the same fact may be affirmed of the Deity of most Christians. He is not the God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. This God is impartial, paternal, condescending, not willing that any should perish but desirous that all men should repent and be saved. But the God of the Jews is a partial God; that of Mahometans is inimical and vindictive to all who are not Musselmen; and the God of Catholics, Episcopolians and Calvinists limits his tender and covenanted mercies to those who observe certain formalities or entertain certain speculative views of doctrinal theology. And is not such a God an idol!

But we have admitted that there are mischiefs attendant on idolatry. That which attends fetishism is the barrier which it creates against improvement. When men are content with their religion—and this is generally the fact with all men—they feel no desire and make no effort for a better. They feel rich in their poverty; whole in their disease; strong in their weakness; and at liberty in their chains.—The mischiefs attendant on imageism are, the grovelling views its devotees are liable to form of the true God; their entire dependance on formalities to the neglect of spirituality; the belief that they can please God by flattery as much as if he were a vain man; and the corrupting vices into which their religious services sometimes descended.

3. Have not Jews and Christians less cause than they seem to be aware of both for *blaming* the heathen and for *congratulating* themselves! If God winks at the sin of ignorance, then must not a great part of the sin of idolatry among the unenlightened Gentiles be covered? They are *ignorant* of the faults they are habitually committing. They worship as they have been taught and educated. And they are as incapable of rectifying the errors of their education as Catholics, Episcopalians and Calvinists are. It is true that if heathen idolatory would listen to the dictates of a free, unbiassed conscience, they might reason themselves out of their mistakes. And so might the Catholic, the Episcopalian and the Calvinist. Yet how few have the independence and the resolution to do it! And why should the Trinitarian and the Lapsarian feel more secure than the image-worshipper! They hold doctrines against which their own reason protests and revolts as strongly as does that of the idolator against the worship of an image made of gold, silver, brass or wood. And if the one may justly say, this is *carnal* reason, and not to be trusted, so, likewise, may the other. If the one may safely refer the whole to *mystery*, saying, we ought to shut the eye of reason and open the eye of faith, why may not the other do the same as properly and as safely!

Finally,—Which idolatry is the more sinful or the less pernicious, that of worshipping a carved statue, as a symbol of the invisible divinity, or that of ascribing to the Most High, the Most Merciful and Good the attributes of a most arbitrary and cruel tyrant who holds his subjects accountable for the evil nature which he, himself gave them; inflicts infinite penalties for finite offences; and created innumerable intelligent souls for the very purpose of glorifying his wrath in their interminable misery! S. F.

[For remarks on the following communication we would refer our readers to the next page.]

[From the New England Puritan.]

LETTER TO A UNITARIAN KINSMAN.

Tommy "trusty and well beloved Cousin" of the Unitarian Church in ——, Mass.

I read the Christian Register somewhat, that I may see what kind of religious reading is furnished to you, and to others of your creed, whom I know and esteem; and also that I may keep myself advised of what is passing in the Unitarian religious world. I am also not altogether unacquainted with some of your popular Unitarian writers. From these and other sources I take impressions and form conclusions, which I suppose to be correct. And I have for some time felt strongly inclined to tell you, in a frank and friendly way, what I think of Unitarianism and Unitarians. You know I am rather plain spoken; and of my Orthodoxy I presume you have no doubt. With some things which I may say to you, doubtless you will be pleased; and with some other things I may say, I hope you will not allow yourself to be offended. I assure you that I shall say them from motives which my conscience approves, and the professions of respect for the dictates of conscience which you Unitarians make, will doubtless forbid you to impute to me any sinister motives in saying some things which you may not like.

All compliments and flattery aside, then, and speaking as an Orthodox man, or, that I may be certain to be understood, as a Trinitarian Calvinist, I will say, that I read your weekly religious journal, the Christian Register, with considerable interest of a pleasant kind. You have writers of much excellence, who appear in articles prepared for that paper, or from whom selections for its columns are made at some length. You have men of thought, intellectual vigor, taste, imagination, sobriety of views, and even seriousness. And there certainly has been a great improvement upon former years, in the tone and temper of your writers. The views of your prominent men on many of the great philanthropic enterprises of the day are enlarged and noble, and will bear favorable comparison with those of any other denomination. The plans for Sabbath schools, tract societies, domestic missions, education, &c. &c., which you Unitarians are working, show that you find a good influence from your Orthodox neighbors, and that you have somewhat studied their plans for promoting the good of man and the kingdom of Christ. And you are becoming so zealous as a denomination in these matters, that we Orthodox people must have a care not to be outdone by you in industry and enterprise. I notice also the frequent selections from Orthodox men, Dr. Miller, Leighton, and others, and honorable notice of Brainerd, Pres. Smith and others.

Aside from your religious periodical writings, I have read too some of your authors. Buckminster, Channing, Ware Jr., and others, deceased, were men whom no one can read without feeling respect for their talents and attainments as literary men, for their taste, their seriousness of character and habits as ministers, their sound judgment, their large views on many subjects which interest the philanthropist, the citizen and the New Englander. You greatly mistake us Orthodox men if you suppose that we allow our prejudices against your creed to blind our eyes to the intellectual and moral worth which has had and still has a place in your ranks. No such thing. We respect and honor you everywhere, apart from religious matters, as highly as you can ask. And you would do us great injustice were you to say that Orthodox men can see nothing to approve and admire in Unitarians.

And now you will perhaps say to me, "and pray, good coz, what is there out of the way in us? If you like our literature and literary men, our taste, our philanthropy, and other good things, why can you not go a step farther, and extend your company to our religion too?" As honestly as it is possible for you to ask this question, so honestly will I endeavor to answer it.

I begin then with what seems to me to be a defect, and a serious one too, in the views of Christ, which are set forth by your writers and preachers. You say much respecting Him. You extol his character; the precepts he taught; the doctrines he set forth, as you interpret them; the example he set; the spirit he exhibited in all his intercourse with men; his fortitude under reproach and suffering; his invaluable instructions; his wonderful death as a martyr for the truth. So far all is well. Orthodox men themselves do not probably write with more pains-taking, taste, or more poetically, and with indications of deeper sensibility, than you Unitarians do, thus far respecting Christ. But there is a point where you pause in your thoughts of Christ; there is a degree on the scale of character above which, in speaking of Christ, you do not rise, and beyond which, to our view, there is omitted that in Christ which, immeasurably beyond all you do say, make him precious to us and to all true believers. I follow your writers with interest to this your pausing point; and if at this point you have told me all respecting his character and offices which you have to tell me, and which really concerns me and my salvation as a sinner, then I must say that you leave me after all, in the midst of my need, imperfectly instructed; and in uncertainty, perplexity, gloom, darkness, hopelessness. With my views of myself as a sinner,—and I derive them from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments,—*I want more in Christ Jesus than you Unitarians tell me of.* I want in him "an High Priest," atoning for my sins, and not leaving me, a sinful man, to atone for them, by my own works, imperfect and marred by sin at the best. I want peace of conscience when I look up to a holy God; you tell me of nothing in Christ which can bring me this. I want "in Christ an Advocate with the Father;" you tell me nothing which encourages my expectations of any such offices of mercy by him for me, before a holy God. When I look forward to my dying hour, I want to be assured of peace and hope on some better basis than my best goodness; but if I attempt to trust myself to that on which you Unitarians teach me to rely, instead of the perfect righteousness of Christ; then with my present views of myself as a sinner, I know that I shall tremble, and start, and shudder at the approach of death. You teach me, true, how to live in very sweet peace and complacency with myself; but you do not tell me how I shall be sure to die thus.

In short I learn nothing from you respecting Christ, which shows me that he has any concern in securing my acceptance with God, except as he teaches me the practical duties of this life, to be performed as meriting. When your writers and preachers talk of faith in Christ, you do not mean *justifying* faith; and I find myself in a condition, as a sinful and imperfect being in which, if I cannot be "justified by faith," as Paul says, (for to believe in the atoning blood of Christ is all I can do towards becoming righteous before God,) then I utterly despair of doing any thing in order to justification. That declaration of Paul, "For by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight," fills me with terror if I take my stand with you, and where I can see no Mediator between God and my soul. I *cannot* say with your venerated Channing, "I want no Mediator between my soul and a just God." I would not say that for the wealth of the universe.

And I am persuaded, my friend, that some of you Unitarians are perplexed when you are anxious respecting your own way of acceptance with God. I have recently met with a poetical effusion from the pen of the serious and tender spirited Dr. Ware, Jr., lines written in March, 1836, in which appear the workings of a mind ill at ease in itself; the anxieties of a soul asking, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the Most High God!" The hymn indicates deep sense of sinfulness, and consciousness of the need of peace with God. And I looked carefully to see if the writer would not find his way to "*Jesus Christ the righteous,*" of whom it is written, "He is our Peace." But the hymn ends without even the mention of *that name which is "above every name," Jesus;* and with nothing recognizing Paul's idea of Christ's "having made peace through the blood of his Cross." Could I have been by the side of that lovely but anxious Unitarian, and with his poetical talent, and my own views of Christ, could I have added one more stanza, it seems to me I could have written that which would have shown him the way out of gloom and fear, into the light of hope, and comfort, and joy. True, he says, in view of a deserved doom,

> "Help me, thou merciful and Just,
> This fearful doom to fly.
> Thou art my strength, my hope, my trust,
> O help me, lest I die."

But when he goes on to add,

> "And let my full obedience prove
> The perfect power of faith and love,"

it seems that he is not looking to a Mediator, through whose atonement and justifying righteousness he expects peace. An awakened sinner in the condition of any one of the three thousand on the day of Pentecost, or of Paul when he was prostrated to the earth on the way to Damascus, or of the trembling and inquiring jailor of Philippi, cannot find in that hymn any thing which can help him to see whence can come relief to his burdened spirit. There is no "*Jesus Christ the righteous*" there.

But I must lay down my pen for the present, leaving several things unsaid which I had intended to say, and which I will put into another letter at a future time. Meanwhile let me assure you, that with much respect, and with complacency in almost every thing of yours except your creed, I am yours truly, FRANK.

REFLECTIONS.

Another Summer has folded up her record of human events, and bid adieu to earth. As she passed away with her roses and sweet music we bade her a sad farewell—for her songs so cheerful and her flowers so sweet are needed to keep many a heavy heart from sinking. The summer has scattered showers and sunbeams, blossoms and fruits lavishly over a chequered and ungrateful world. She has fanned it with the perfumed zephyr, hung her bow in the sky, and wrapped her robe of rich verdure closely over the forests and the hills. She has done all that she could to breathe of love and win to virtue. But man heeds not the voices of the changing seasons. He poisons the zephyr with hate; he dims the rainbow with the smoke of desolation; he bathes her verdure in blood, and her voice of love is drowned by the mingled discord of contending passions, the din of battle and the wail of woe.

Autumn has come now—a season of reflection, when the sere leaf, and the fading earth, and the mournful wind bring to mind age—the tomb—another life—the bar of God. Will man heed the voice of the present? Will he lament with the low sighing of the wind over the follies and crimes that the summer has witnessed, whose varied shades are all traced on the faithful scroll, to be seen again at the final settlement of human deeds? Will he offer the fruits of repentance, grateful as the fruits of autumn? Will he hasten to spread peace over the field of desolation, to relieve the tears of sorrow, and bind up the broken heart? Autumn speaks of *immortality.* Will man prepare for immortality by deeds of righteousness? Will he strive that a harvest may be garnered to him of the blessings of those ready to perish? Autumn spreads a gorgeous robe over the earth—many-colored and imposing as that given by the patriarch to his beloved son? Will *man* strive that the tenderer verdure of the first youthful feelings be succeeded by the brilliant hues of enduring virtue? O that man's heart might harmonize with the arrangements of nature. Then how much rapture would the seasons bring as they roll their onward course! Did we vie with the summer in scattering blossoms of moral beauty, the reflections that followed would bring no tinge of sadness. No shadows would fall from a troubled heart over the sunny pathway of the departed summer. We should be prepared to enjoy the calm soberness of the fall and winter in anticipation of another spring-time, that we might gather freshness and vigor to begin "anew the journey of our life." A. H. P.

[Practical Christian.

PERILS OF YOUNG MEN.

The Rev. Mr. Barnes, in his admirable discourse on the importance of the Sabbath to young men, just published in the National Preacher, has the following beautiful and striking illustration of the perils to which young men are exposed along their path in life:

It is not sufficient to have escaped from one danger; to have emerged triumphantly from one form of temptation. The young man must have escaped every danger, must have gone safely through all forms of temptation. There is often a point in a young man's life when he seems to have escaped danger, but which is, in fact, the prelude to his ruin.

He has passed through one form of peril, and seems to be safe, and yet from that point he will move to destruction. The mind may linger a little while, and then, when apparently safe, a new danger will arise, and though the struggle may be arduous and torturing, it will be too late for rescue. On the great river that flows west of the Rocky Mountains to the ocean, there is a place where the waters are compressed by the rocks in a narrow channel, and where the river suddenly falls many feet, pitching and tumbling over the rocks. The passage is by no means unattended with danger, but it is not unfrequently made in a boat. Yet below that fall there is a greater danger still. The water appears smooth, gliding onwards, as if there was no treachery in its flow. The boat, having shot down the narrow passage, is seen to stop, and to lie without motion on the bosom of the waters. It neither goes forward, nor backward, nor towards either shore, as if there was a moment of deliberation in which way it should go. Soon it begins to move, not forward but in a circular direction. It moves so gently, that one who knew not the perils of the place would feel no alarm; but then commences the fearful struggle. Round it is swept with increasing velocity, in spite of the efforts of the boatman. Every oar is plied; every nerve of the oars-man is stretched; every effort possible is made at the bow and the stern to turn the boat from that current. It goes round and round, in spite of death-like exertions, increasing in rapidity as the circles grow smaller, until having reached the centre, in an instant, the boat and all its crew disappear. Rare is it that a fragment of the boat is seen afterwards, or that a body that is lost is recovered. So there are points in the lives of young men, when they seem to have escaped the greatest perils, and when there seems to be no dangerous tendency in any direction. Yet soon there is a movement, perhaps commencing far from the vortex; and there is a struggle, but the current sweeps into ruin. The young men who are lost by intemperance and sensuality, do not perish without a struggle. They do not lay their oars camly down, and let the current sweep them on. It is after many a struggle—when too late; it is after many a conflict, when the power that bears them forward has secured a firm grasp, that they perish. Now, what the young man needs for his safety, is for some steady influence in favor of virtue that shall bear him through every danger; some power acting on his soul at every point—when he seems to be safe, and when he is seen to be in danger; when he has escaped one manifest place of peril, and when he glides into a more dangerous position, though it seems to be safe; some steady influence that shall accompany him up to manhood, and place him in safety on that elevation beyond all the dangers that beset youth.

MR. SUMNER'S ORATION.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

We have already heartily commended this oration to all who can procure it. We would gladly copy it entire; but cannot. It has faults. It is quite too eulogistic for our taste. Though less adapted to the occasion on which it was delivered it would carry with it more weight, if it were more discriminating. But we can forgive much to the warmth of friendship, the zeal of Christian philanthropy, and the fervor of eloquence. Notwithstanding the long abstract previously given in our paper, we make now the following extract relating to Channing, but we have hardly known which part to choose.

Let us now reverently approach the grave of the brother whom, in order of time, we were called to mourn first. WILLIAM E. CHANNING, the Philanthropist, died in the month of October, 1842, aged sixty-two. It is by an easy transition that we pass from Allston to Channing.—They were friends and connexions. The monumental stone which marks the last resting place of the Philanthropist was designed by the Artist. In physical organization they were not unlike, each possessing a firmness of fibre which hardly belongs to the Anglo-Saxon stock. There were in both the same sensibility, delicacy, refinement, and truth, illumined by highest aims; and the coloring of Allston finds a parallel in the Venetian richness of the style of Channing.

I do not speak of him as the Divine, although his labors might well have earned that title also. It is probable that no single mind in our age has exerted a greater influence over theological opinions. But I pass these by, without presuming to indicate their character. It were far better, on this occasion, to dwell on those Christian labors which should not fail to find favor alike in all churches, whether at Rome, Geneva, Canterbury, or Boston.

His beneficent influence has been widely felt and acknowledged. His words have been heard and read by thousands, in all conditions of life, and in various lands, whose hearts have been touched with gratitude towards the meek and eloquent upholder of divine truth. An American traveller, at a small village on one of the terraces of the Alps, in the Austrian Tyrol, encountered a German who, hearing that his companion was from Boston, inquired earnestly for Channing,—saying that the difficulty of learning the English language had been adequately repaid by the delight of his writings. A distinguished stranger, when about to visit this country, was told by a relative not less lovely in character than exalted in condition, that she envied him his journey, "for two objects that he would not fail to see,—Niagara and Channing." We have already observed, that a critic of art has placed him in a grand American triumvirate with Allston and Washington. More frequently, he has been associated with Washington and Franklin; but, unlike Washington, he had no ensigns of command; unlike Franklin, he was never elevated to to the pinnacle of foreign office. It is probable that since them no American has exerted an equal influence over his fellow-men. And yet, if it be asked what single important measure he has carried to a successful close, I could not answer. It is on character that he has wrought and is still producing incalculable changes.

From the retirement of his study he has spoken to the nations and to mankind, in a voice which has made itself heard in the most distant places, and whose influence, pleading the cause of gentleness, of righteousness, and of peace, is felt by thousands on whose souls has never fallen either has spoken or written word. He is the herald of a new and a greater age than any yet seen in the world's history, when the Sword shall yield to the Pen, when the Gorgon countenance of Force, hardening all that it looks upon, shall be dazzled into imbecility by the effulgence of Christian Truth. While he lived, he was ever, through good report and evil report, the Champion of humanity. "Follow my white plume," said the chivalrous monarch of France, as he plunged into the thickest of the vulgar fight. "Follow the Right," more resplendent than plume or oriflamme, was the watchword of Channing.

I have called him the Philanthrophist, the lover of man,—the title of highest honor on earth. "I take goodness in this sense," says Lord Bacon, "*the effecting of the weal of men,* which is what the Grecians call Philanthropeia. . . . . This of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin."—Lord Bacon was right. Confessing the attractions of Scholarship, awed by the majesty of the Law, facinated by the beauty of Art, our souls bend with involuntary reverence before the angelic nature that seeks the good of his fellowman. It is through him that God speaks. On him has descended in especial measure his divine spirit. God is love, and man most nearly resembles him in his diffusive benevolence. In heaven, we are told, the first place or degree is given to the angels of love, who are termed Seraphim; the second to the angels of light, who are termed Cherubim.

It must be confessed with sorrow, that the time has not yet come, when even his exalted labors of benevolence can find equal acceptance with all men. And now, as I undertake to speak of them in this presence, I seem to tread on half-buried cinders. I shall tread fearlessly; trusting to be loyal to the occasion, to my subject, and to myself. In the language of my own profession, I shall not travel out of the record; but I trust to be true to the record. It is fit that his name should be affectionately commemorated here. He was one of us. He was a son of the University, and for many years connected with its government as a teacher, and as a Fellow of the Corporation. To him, perhaps, more than to any other person, is she indebted for her most distinctive opinions. His name is indissolubly connected with hers;—

> "And when thy ruins shall disclaim
> To be the treasure of his name,
> His name, that cannot fade, shall be
> An everlasting monument to thee."

I have called him the Philanthropist; he might also be called the Moralist, for he was the high expounder of human duties; but his exposition of duties was no common service in the cause of humanity. His morality, etherealized and sublimed by Christian love, fortified and confirmed by Christian righteousness, was applied with unhesitating frankness to the people and affairs of his own country and age. He saw full well, that it were vain to declare, in general terms, the blessings of right and the misery of wrong, unless the special wrong was pointed out which ought to be eradicated. A general morality is apt to be inefficient. Tamerlane and Napoleon might both join in general praise of peace and condemnation of war, and entitle themselves to be enrolled, with Alexander of Russia, as the members of a Peace Society. And many people satisfy their consciences by the utterance of general truth, warmed, perhaps, by rhetorical effort, without venturing or caring to apply it practically in life. This was not the case with our Philanthropist. He sought to bring his morality to bear distinctly and pointedly upon the world. Nor was he disturbed by another suggestion, which the moralist often encounters, that his views were sound in theory, but not practical. He well knew that what is unsound in theory must be vicious in practice. He did not hesitate therefore, to fasten upon any wrong he discerned and attach to it a mark, which, like that of Cain, can never be wiped from its forehead. His Philanthropy was Morality in action.

As a Moralist, he knew that the highest happiness could be reached by following the right; and as a lover of man, he sought on all occasions to inculcate this as a supreme duty. He strove to impress upon states and nations the important truth, that they were amenable to the same moral law as individuals. This proposition, if universally recognized, would open the gates of a new civilization. It is the vague and imperfect acceptance of it that is the source of national sins. The principles of morality, after they have possessed themselves of the individual, slowly pervade the body politic; and it is not uncommon to listen to the suggestion, that the state and the individual are governed by separate laws of right, —that the state may do what an individual may not do. In combatting this pernicious fallacy, Channing did important service to the state. He has helped to bring government within the circle of Christian duties, and has instructed the statesman that there is one unbending rule of right, binding alike on public and private conscience. This truth cannot be too often proclaimed. The pulpit, the press, the school, the college, should render it familiar to our ears, and pour it into our souls. Beneficent nature joins with the moralist in declaring the universality of God's laws; the flowers of the field, the rays of the sun, the morning and evening dews, the descending showers, the waves of the sea, the breezes that fan our cheeks and bear rich argosies from shore to shore, the careering storm, all that is on this earth,—nay more, the system of which this earth is a part, and the infinitude of the Universe, in which our system dwindles to a grain of sand, all declare one prevailing law, knowing no distinction of persons, of numbers, of masses, of size.

While Channing commended this truth, he recognized with especial fervor the rights of men. He saw in our institutions, as established in 1776, the grand animating idea of Human Rights, distinguishing us from other countries. It was this idea, which, first appearing at our nativity as a nation, shone on the path of our fathers, as the unaccustomed star in the west, which twinkled over Bethlehem.

Kindred to the idea of Human Rights was that other, which appears so often in his writings as to seem to inspire his whole philanthropy, the importance of the Individual Man. No human soul was so abject in condition as not to find sympathy and reverence from him. He confessed his brotherhood with all God's children, although a torrid sun had left upon them an unchangeable Ethiopian skin. Filled by this thought, he sought in all that he did to promote their elevation and happiness. He longed to do good, to be a spring of life and light to his fellow-beings. "I see nothing worth living for," he said, "but the divine virtue which endures and surrenders all things for truth, duty, and mankind."

In the cause of education and of temperance he was an earnest laborer. He saw how essential was knowledge to a people who governed themselves,—that without it the right of voting would be a dangerous privilege, and that with it the state would be elevated, and the means of happiness infinitely diffused. His vivid imagination saw the blight of intemperance, and exposed it in glowing colors. In these causes he was sustained by the kindly sympathy of those among whom he lived.

But there were two other causes in which his soul more than in any other was engaged, particularly at the close of his life, and with which his name will be indissolubly connected;—I mean the efforts for the abolition of those two mighty Heathen Institutions, Slavery and War. Fain would I pass by, on this occasion; but not to speak of them would be to present a portrait from which the most distinctive features had been carefully removed.

And first, as to Slavery. His attention was particularly drawn to this by his residence early in life in Virginia, and at a later day for a season in one of the West India islands. His soul was moved by its injustice and inhumanity. He saw in it an infraction of God's great law of Right and of Love, and of the Christian precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." He regarded it as contrary to the law of nature; and here the Philanthropist unconsciously adopted the conclusions of the Supreme Court of the United States, speaking by the mouth of Mr. Chief Justice Marshall, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, at a later day, speaking by the mouth of Mr. Chief Justice Shaw.

With these convictions, his duty as a Moralist and a Philanthropist did not admit of question. He saw before him a giant wrong. Almost alone he went forth to the contest. On his return from the West Indies, he first declared his views from the pulpit. At a later day, he published a book entitled *Slavery*, the most extensive treatise on any subject from his pen. Other publications followed, down to the close of his life, among which was a prophetic letter, addressed to Henry Clay, against the annexation of Texas, on the ground that it would entail upon the country war with Mexico, and would extend and fortify slavery. It is important to mention that this letter, before its publication, was read to his classmate Story, who listened to it with admiration and assent; so that the Jurist and the Philanthropist here joined in upholding benign truth.

In his defence of the liberty of the African race he always invoked the great considerations of justice and humanity. The argument of economy, which is deemed by some minds the only one pertinent to the subject, never presented itself to him. The question of profit and loss was absorbed in that of right and wrong. His maxim was, "Any thing but slavery; poverty sooner than slavery." But while he exhibited this institution in the blackest colors of reprobation, as inhuman, unjust, unchristian, unworthy of an age of light and of a republic professing freedom, his gentle soul found no word of harshness for those whom birth, education, and custom have bred in its support. He was implacable towards wrong; but used soft words towards wrong-doers. He looked forward to the day when they too, encompassed by a *moral blockade*, invisible to the eye, but more potent than navies, and under the influence of increasing Christian light, diffused from all the nations, shall have the magnanimity to acknowledge the wrong, and to set their captives free. At the close of his life, he urged with peculiar force the duty—it was of *duties* that he spoke—of the Northern States to free themselves from all support of slavery. To this conclusion he was driven irresistibly by the ethical principle, that *what is wrong for an individual is wrong for a state.* No son of the Pilgrims would hold a fellow-man in bondage. Conscience forbids it. No son of the Pilgrims can help, through his government, to hold a fellow-man in bondage. Conscience equally forbids it. We have among us to-day a brother who reducing to practice the teachings of Channing and the suggestions of his own conscience, has liberated the slaves which have fallen to him by inheritance. This act finds a response of gratitude and admiration in all our hearts. In asking the Free States to disconnect themselves from all support of slavery, Channing wished them to do as *States*, what Palfrey has done as a *man.* At the same time he dwelt with affectionate care upon the Union. He sought to reform, not to destroy; to eradicate, not to overturn; and he cherished the Union as the mother of peace, plenteousness and joy.

HINT TO PUBLIC TEACHERS.

The recent address of Charles Sumner, Esq. of Boston, before the Cambridge branch of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, appears to have been regarded by all who heard it, as one of uncommon talent and eloquence.

Its leading object seemed to be to exhibit high *moral* qualities and attainments in man, as infinitely more sublime and valuable, than any such adventitious advantages as wealth or station, or even the highest intellectual power. While he paid due respect to the "august teachers of mankind," as he termed them, furnished by ancient Greece and Rome, and still higher respect to some distinguished modern writers, it was gratifying to the christian heart, to notice, with what ingenuousness he avowed the utter inferiority of all mere human moral teachings to what might be found in the oracles of God.

The subject is worthy of sober consideration by all who direct in public education. And when such unqualified testimony to the superior wisdom and excellence of the scriptures as a system of morals, as well as religion, is now not unfrequently given from the highest seat of learning, and from the daily public press, it is matter of surprise that they are not generally adopted and systematically used, among textbooks, for the instruction of youth. Such a change might introduce a new and glorious era in the history of colleges and academies, and in the moral sentiments of educated men generally.

It must surely have been impossible for the devotee of wealth, or the slave of mere worldly ambition, to have candidly listened to the orator at Cambridge, without being impressed with the conviction that the God of providence is indeed setting before the men of this generation infinitely higher objects of pursuit. And some of the more generous and noble-minded youth of old Harvard must, we think, have been quickened and greatly strengthened in the determination, that, with God's blessing, the world shall yet be the wiser and happier for their having lived in it. A. D.

[Boston Recorder.

THE NATURAL EVIDENCE ON THE BEING OF GOD AND THE IMMORTAL LIFE. By E. G. Holland, Bath, Steuben Co. N. Y.

This strikes us as quite a remarkable pamphlet,—clear in statement, fresh and strong in argument. It must be written by a man of no common powers, and by one who knows how to use his mind. There is no superfluous amplification—an unusual merit among ministers;—but the subject is thoroughly analysed, and then left to shine in its own light. Some of the points seem to us brought forward in a very original and striking manner. We extract from the first part to-day, hoping hereafter to quote from the second.

Man can only realize religious ideas, the spirit of worship, through that which he has within himself. The child, without being taught, pronounces the rose to be beautiful, because the external beauty of the object, so perfectly corresponds to that sense of beauty, and constitution of mind, which preceded the perception of the flower. But for this correspondence, this perception of beauty had been impossible. How could we without a rational power, seize upon the most perfect system of philosophy, though handed down from the skies! How could the wisdom, the righteousness, and the goodness, unfolded in any revelation, be known and felt by us, farther than the principles of wisdom, rectitude and goodness exist in our own mind and consciousness! The animal will as soon look into Euclid, as man into a reverled religion, without kindred and corresponding powers within himself. The position taken becomes self-evident; and is capable of proof from a great variety of thought. If this position is now clear, it follows that religion is not, as a principle, grafted upon the world by the Priest, nor the church. The Priest did not create human nature. Whatever we are by nature, we are independent of the Priest, the Church, or ourselves.

There are two important ideas which spring out of the truth already gained. The first is, that to do justice to our whole nature, we should be religious. And the second is, that there is a God, a Supreme, Divine Being.

Our nature should be educated in all its powers and elements. The religious element is not in our being for no end. It is not there to be dormant: still less to be smothered and abused. And if, as many arguments do prove, this element is greatest, deepest and divinest of all, then religion is properly the chief of subjects and of universal concern. The true disciple of nature is not against nature. The man who has no concern in what appertains to religious ideas and life, follows not nature; nay, he blinds himself to its greatest reality.

But to be religious without a God, is as impossible as to be intelligent without truth, or to see without light. The truth of a religious element implies a God. Why should there be this spirit of worship, in universal diffusion, unless there is a God, a Divine mind to meet it? Is this not a universe of correspondence! Do not natural wants find the objects which can sate them in the ample provision of the universe?—Indeed nothing is more striking and beautiful in the great system of All Things, than the exact, the plain and often refined correspondence between the real want and the existence of the satisfying object.

To begin with what is outward, who fails to see the generous provision made for the great multitude of natural wants! Behold the eye and the light! The atmosphere and the lungs, the growth of vegetable life, and the presence of solar light and heat, are corresponding things noticed by the mass of men; but such plain points are but parts of an incomprehensible system of correspondence.

ship, the sacred element stirs itself in man. Behold the Supreme One, the Great Unseen! who is in all, and above all, who has sent out the dim shadow and likeness of Himself in all this visible nature, so vast, and so beautiful! Reader, can the correspondence fail! Is there the spirit, the element of worship, of religion in humanity, and is there no God? As well say, that there is an intellect but no truth, that there is a thirst, but no fountain.

I insist upon it, as an irresistible proof of the being of God, the existence of a religious element in our nature. It has no business there, to speak plainly, if there is no being to be adored and worshipped. Such a thought, breaks up the correspondence of things; it breaks the greatest link of the entire chain. Such another deficiency as is here supposed, can never be found among the whole class of man's real wants. The ignorance of mankind in relation to the Supreme Being, is no evidence against the position taken, since the failure of man to know the Only true God, is no greater than his ill success in gaining a full knowledge of truth pertaining to natural things. Nature in her infinity of forms, manifests none other than *uniform* laws. Her laws, her variety, her constant order, speak to us of but one creating, preserving mind. We have educed two important ideas from the nature of man, which are, that all should be religious, and that there is a God. These ideas cannot be opposed, until the position is denied and disproven, that in humanity there is a religious element. *On this point*, is the great issue. And I would add, that no one who can reason with any force, need, upon this issue, to fear the conflict between truth and error.

The more common evidence in support of the great idea, on which all religion rests, is the argument from the outer temple, the wise, and benevolent arrangements, which control the operations of nature around us. This is doubtless a sound evidence—one that has addressed a greater number, than the one I have used. All men see a mighty force acting in the universe; acting in decay and in life, in motion and in rest; and *all* see somewhat of the wisdom which guides it; and the goodness of design to which these are subordinated has made upon all men some impression. And it is not strange, that what men could see in outward objects, should become the greater evidence, in subduing doubt, upon this point.

I have no time to go further in this branch of investigation. The Bible attempts no logical proof of the Divine existence. It every where speaks as if this idea existed, as if it were undoubted. And I cannot but feel, that he who asks *proof* upon this truth, is in any other than his proper state. The man who says, *Prove* to me that there is such a principle as Virtue, or, *Prove* to me that there is such a principle as Vice, certainly gives some evidence of moral disorder. He who lives Virtue, seeks no *proof* that there is such a principle. He asks you not, to prove that the sun shines, nor that the stars give light. He who seeks proof that God *Is*, lives not like him whose life and consciousness are full of his presence. The only apology we have for giving an argument, is, that men do not live from their higher nature; they obey not the diviner instincts; they hear not the sacred voice of Nature and the Soul. Nature has the deep, solemn, silent, worshipful voice. The spirit of a calm, holy and eloquent worship oft seems to fill all this temple of God, this Nature around us. The soul in all climes has its sacred ideas, hopes and feelings; and as if Deep answered unto Deep, Nature and the Soul speak of Divinity; the one by an everlasting beauty of law and order, and the other by its deep wants and high powers. No idea is so sun-like as the idea of God. It is central, like a ruling orb. It is the light of the universe: and without it the whole horizon of man is covered with impenetrable and interminable darkness. The past is a dream, the present an unmeaning reality, and death is the horrible explosion, which, of humanity, leaves not a wreck behind. Quench the central light, and all is darkness forever. A world without a God, and a God without a world, are thoughts above all others most unnatural."

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"If nature is God's work, it necessarily bears the image of his mind: and is therefore when truly seen a revelation of Him. The Visible, shadows forth the Invisible, even the eternal power and Godhead. As is the mind, so will be its worship, its religion. Ideas too are creative; and christianity, known and lived, reproduces in man the divine image.

He is the present God. He acts constantly through all his works. He moves the universe at his will. He is not only the God of the original creation, but of the present action, movement, law and order of all he has made; and nature's laws, as we term them, are but His chosen modes of acting, of doing. He is foreign to nothing and nothing is foreign to Him. As the mind of my friend shines out upon me like daylight, through the eye, the countenance, the form, and the movement, so the Divine Mind shines out through all nature, through all this physiognomy of God. Such nature is. As the representative of God, nature is sacred. All her beauty is sacred for the same cause. It once was in the Creative mind, before expressed in nature, and is an attraction which should lead all to Him. Man has no rest without God. If the idea in its highest form is abandoned, image-worship will follow; if these and the true idea are forsaken, men will mistake nature for God, will worship the Vestment, instead of Him whose clothing it is. No man, no class are satisfied without the idea, or something to answer in its place.

Where is God? Let me *see* him, says the child. The child-sceptic says the same, and because no personal *form* appears, he denies, he doubts. He never pauses to think, should God appear in personal form, that it is the *form only* that he could *see*. Nothing higher is visible. God, he could not see. In his superficial reasoning, he pauses not to ask himself, What is the eye? What are its elements? Is it given to behold the material, which is as itself, or mind which is above its nature and elements? These questions are not asked; and though the eye never yet saw a human mind, there are those who will be governed by it, in regard to the greatest ideas. But if you wish to *see*, there is more, far more than can be seen: here is on all sides a great, boundless nature, and though its mightiest powers and agencies are invisible, yet there is an unlimited domain of visibility, greater far than the power of all the vision ever aided by solar light. There is enough then to *see*, far more than there is any vision for; and the Seen is forever the living token and representative of the Unseen and the Eternal.

But while the realm of nature, like a boundless sea, spreads around you, and you perceive that the law which commands its wave is general, and fixed, let not this unchanging order obscure the Parental Character of the Deity. He is not only the general friend of all, but the real friend of each; he speaks to you and to me the word of love; in a thousand glad voices he speaks it. The tone of Jesus' ministry and life, through replete with true dignity, though full of moral majesty, brings the Deity down to our perception and feeling, more familiarly than nature reveals him. Man longed to hear a more direct and familiar voice, that should declare from the Infinite, a direct care and love which should speak to him with new power of the everlasting life. While desponding and forlorn, he lifts his head to hear this voice from the heaven-sent Teacher of Nazareth."

VERMONT ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, BRATTLEBORO'. By the tenth annual report, which has just been published, the institution appears to be in a prosperous condition. The new buildings have been completed and are nearly filled. 460 have enjoyed its advantages the past year; 197 have been admitted, 162 have been discharged, and 291 now remain. Of those discharged, 94 have recovered. The terms are fixed at two dollars per week for the first six months, and one dollar and fifty cents per week afterwards. Patients from other States are received on the same terms as those from Vermont.

Man must suffer, to be great; he must conquer himself and the world, in order to be forever mighty.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 10, 1846.

REPLY TO A LETTER FROM THE PURITAN.

PARTICULAR REMARKS.

We have copied on our first page from the New England Puritan a Letter to a Unitarian Kinsman, written, apparently, in a kind and Christian spirit. Still we must say that the writer does not understand our views of salvation, or he could never speak of them as leaving him, "a sinful man, to atone for his sins by his own works," or as teaching nothing respecting Christ, "which shows me that he has any concern in securing my acceptance with God, except as he teaches me the practical duties of this life, to be performed as meriting." Still less could he add that uncharitable expression, the only one, we believe, in the letter; "you teach me, true, how to live in very sweet peace and complacency with myself; but you do not tell me how I shall be sure to die thus." We can assure the writer that the happiest countenances we have ever seen were those of devout Unitarians, who were perfectly conscious that they could live but a few days, and that one who, when in health had strayed from our fold, and joined an Orthodox Church, could not be at peace when mortal sickness had seized upon her, till she had called in a minister of our faith and put herself under his instructions, in order to learn how to die; and that the views which he held up to her of Christ and God did give to her the peace which she had vainly sought elsewhere. Yet, though we believe our views peculiarly fitted to sustain us in death, we rejoice to believe that among *all* denominations, millions of devout and humble Christians find, at that trying hour, the light and comfort and support they need.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

But, let it be remembered, we do not depend on our own works for salvation. We never have known a devout Unitarian who did. We insist on works only as a proof, or test of the reality of our faith. It is through the mercy of God alone, the infinite mercy which Christ has revealed to us, that we hope to be forgiven. We know too well our utter helplessness, if left entirely to ourselves, we have felt too painfully the burden of sin upon our hearts, to dare think of purchasing salvation by our own works, or asking it as something that we merit. But feeling ourselves to be sinners, weighed down by a consciousness of our own unworthiness and guilt, what shall we do! to whom shall we go! We turn to Christ, knowing that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." We are taught to have faith in him and with this faith would humbly ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do! Is there hope for sinful beings such as we! What dost thou teach?" We go to the Gospels for his reply. He tells us that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and that our sins may be forgiven. But how may they be forgiven! We read of the Prodigal son, who, *when he had come to himself*, and returned to his father's house, was gladly welcomed back. We read of the poor publican who prayed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and who "went down to his house justified rather than the other." Again, Jesus has taught us how to pray; "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors;" "or," he adds, "if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Yet again he says, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; *for she loved much*." As we believe in Christ, we must believe in these, his instructions. We have come to him as sinners, asking how we may hope for pardon, and he has told us that we must repent, that we must bow ourselves in penitence and sorrow, praying God to be merciful to us, sinners," and in order that this prayer may be accepted and God be merciful to us, we must be merciful to others, and cherish the sentiment of love in our hearts. If Christ has taught anything beyond this, in reference to the forgiveness of sins, we beg that our Trinitarian friends will point it out to us. We certainly cannot find it in any account which the New Testament contains of his teachings.

It is then through the mercy of God, on repenting and turning to him with humility and love, that we may hope to be forgiven. Christ has called us to the Father, and taught us how we may find forgiveness. If man has devised other ways, we dare not accept them.

But this is only the beginning of the Christian life. It is but the beginning of our redemption. The whole Christian progress from St. Paul down to that devoted disciple of Christ, John Foster, has been through many trials, disquietudes and fears, with bright hours, with hallowed moments of rest, with occasional refreshings from on high, which might serve to cheer the pilgrim in times of grief and despondency. How are we to be sustained amid these trials! To whom may we look for guidance and support! To Christ, "the way, the truth and the life." We know of none other than he, "who alone has the words of eternal life." We go to him. We sit at his feet, and hear his words of divine encouragement and instruction. We commune with him, till we breathe in his divine spirit, and are ourselves quickened by his divine life. He brings us, in this frame of mind, to the Father, assuring us that His watchful providence is over all His works; that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice, and that we are of more value than many sparrows; that He, far more than we, knoweth how to give good things to them that ask Him; that whatsoever we shall ask the Father in his name, He (the Father) will give it us. Thus by fidelity towards man and prayerfulness to God we are to live in Christ, assured that if we humbly strive thus to live, we shall not be forsaken, but "the Comforter, the spirit of truth, will come, and both he and his Father will make their abode with us." In these, our Savior's divine assurances, we would trust. We would prove the sincerity of our faith by the fidelity of our lives, and when faint or disheartened amid our labors we would seek newness of life and strength in prayer. We may not always find perfect peace. We see through our Savior's life a profound significance in sorrow, and would bow beneath the cross as a part of the painful discipline which has been appointed for our good, our deepest affections quickened and new strength daily imparted through our faith in his sufferings and death.

And what more can we ask? To be sure, our human imperfections are not suddenly removed. But amid our trials the same consoling answer comes, which was accorded to St. Paul. "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Most gladly, therefore, with the Apostle, will we rather glory in our infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us.

HENRY WARE, JR.

It has seemed strange to us that reference should be made, such as we have seen in several Orthodox papers, to the lines written by Dr. Ware, as evidence that his religious faith was not sufficient for him. Have the men who do this ever read the life of St. Augustine, of Luther, of Baxter or Doddridge, or of that pure and humble Christian, Cowper? Have they read of John Foster, or Leigh Richmond, or Dr. Payson, or have they ever been admitted to intimate acquaintance with any humble and devoted Christian? Surely if they have, they must know that the Christian's progress through this life is not a triumphal march, but in weariness often and pain and weakness, in sadness and depression. Happy is it for him, if in these hours he may, through faith in Christ, cry out, in sickness and despondency, to a Father of infinite compassion. It surely is a great relief to the burdened soul, to be able to exclaim;

Help me, thou Merciful and Just,
This fearful doom to fly,
Thou art my strength, my hope, my trust;—
O, help me, lest I die!
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love!

Is not this going to the everlasting fountain of consolation? And might it not well lead to the submissive spirit which Mr. Ware expresses in another hymn written during the same sickness?

Father, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to thy control;
And pray that while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace in God.

The errors of my heart I know;
I feel my deep infirmities;
For, often, virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise,
But, like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, tho' as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore;
And let thy peace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
But wholly cast myself on thee.
O, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine.

Is not this the breathing of a Christian soul! Or if such desires, thus earnestly expressed, are evidence of an imperfect faith, what shall be said of the beautiful lines of Cowper,

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

Indeed any prayer for growth in grace and knowledge, implies that something is wanting in our present condition, that, like St. Paul, we have not already attained neither are already perfect. True humility will always feel something wanting in what we are, and true piety will ask in prayer, that our wants may be supplied, until we attain "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, and be filled with all the fulness of God."

The lines by Mr. Ware were written, or rather composed, for he did not see the manuscript, during a severe sickness in the spring of 1836, a sickness which his friends remember with peculiar distinctness, because it was accompanied by an unusually elevated state of mind. The attack was so violent as to produce a sense of danger. This he fostered, as affording an opportunity, seldom afforded to one who was so often slightly ill, to realise the approach of death. He spoke of the possible issue frequently, expressing fully his confidence in the love and mercy of his Heavenly Father, and his perfect willingness to acquiesce in His will. He felt that he had been a sinner, had grievously neglected the means of grace which had been placed within his reach; but he had not a doubt or a fear, he gave himself wholly into the hands of Him whom he believed to be all merciful and just. Often did he repeat the words, "He who spared not his own Son, shall he not with him freely give us all things?" The portions of Scripture, and hymns which he selected to have read to him, were those which were expressive of confidence in the promises of God to sinners. He dwelt upon the mission of Christ as evidence of the Father's love and his own deep feelings were moved to their foundations as he spoke of Christ's life and sufferings and death for such sinful beings as himself. As was frequently the case in sickness, his mind took a poetical turn, his common thoughts were arrayed in the form of verse, and if at times he uttered himself as in that piece commmencing,

"It is not what my hands have done"

they more frequently expressed the confiding affection and gratitude of a loving child. He sometimes questioned whether he should be thus tranquil and happy were the *certainty* of death before him, but this was tested in his last sickness, when, in all the interests in which the power of expression was granted him, he showed a clear understanding of his situation and evinced the most perfect peace of mind in view of it. He recurred to that former doubt, and more than once uttered the assurance that "all was peace and confidence within."

We have no idea that the writer in the Puritan intended to convey an erroneous impression, but as his letter must have such an effect on its many readers, will the Editor of the Puritan be so kind as to publish,—not the whole of this article, we have no right to expect that—but simply the last paragraph, containing the true statement of facts? We are sure that he will be glad in this way to do justice to one whose sympathies were confined to no sect, and who, much as he loved his own peculiar denomination, loved Christ and Christian charity more.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The Evangelical Alliance, as most of our readers know, held their first meeting in London, Wednesday, Aug. 19, and continued to meet from day to day till Wednesday Sept. 2, when they formally adjourned. We have read the account of their several meetings, and must say that we regard their articles, their speeches and their actions, as a tissue of inconsistencies, which cannot leave them any firm bond of union or efficient action.

The Articles with the preliminary resolutions are as follows:

Resolved, "That this Conference, composed of professing Christians of many different denominations, all exercising the right of private judgment, and, through common infirmity, differing among themselves, in the views they severally entertain on some points, both of Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical polity, and gathered together from many and remote parts of the world, for the purpose of promoting Christian union, rejoice in making their unanimous avowal of the glorious truth, that the church of the living God, while it admits of growth, is one church, never having lost, and being incapable of losing, its essential unity. Not, therefore, to create that unity, but to confess it, is the design of their assembling together. One in reality, they desire also, as far as they may be able to attain it, to be visibly one; and thus, both to realize in themselves, and to exhibit to others, that a living and everlasting union binds all true believers together in the fellowship of the church of Christ, "which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."

"That this Conference, while recognizing the essential unity of the Christian church, feel constrained to deplore its existing divisions, and to express their deep sense of the sinfulness involved in the alienation of affection by which they have been attended, and of the manifold evils which have resulted therefrom; and to avow their solemn conviction of the necessity and duty of taking measures, in humble dependence on the Divine blessing, towards attaining a state of mind and feeling more in accordance with the word and spirit of Christ Jesus."

"That, therefore, the members of this Conference are deeply convinced of the desirableness of forming a confederation, on the basis of great evangelical principles held in common by them, which may afford opportunity to members of the church of Christ of cultivating brotherly love, enjoying Christian intercourse, and promoting such other objects as they may hereafter agree to prosecute together; and they hereby proceed to form such a confederation under the name of "The Evangelical Alliance."

"That with a view, however, of furnishing the most satisfactory explanation, and guarding against misconception in regard to their design, and the means of its attainment, they deem it expedient explicitly to state as follows:

I. That the parties composing the Alliance shall be such persons only as hold and maintain what are usually understood to be evangelical views, in regard to the matters of doctrine understated, viz:

1. The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.
2. The unity of the Godhead and the Trinity of the persons therein.
3. The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the fall.
4. The incarnation of the Son of God, his work of atonement for sinners of mankind, and his mediatorial intercession and reign.
5. The justification of the sinner by faith alone.
6. The work of the Holy Spirit, in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.
7. The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.
8. The Divine institution of the Christian ministry and the authority and perpetuity of the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.
9. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked."

We beg our readers to examine these resolutions with some care. The first object of the Association is to show, "*that a living and everlasting union binds all true believers together in the fellowship of the church of Christ.*" But in the face of this declaration they proceed to adopt articles of admission which exclude from the Association, and thus go to separate from the Church of Christ,

1. All Unitarians;
2. A great many Trinitarians who, though believing in man's depravity, yet do not believe in "the *utter* depravity of human nature;"
3. All Roman Catholics and members of the Greek Church, who constitute more than three quarters of the Christian world;
4. All Quakers and other bodies who do not believe in the *divine* institution of the Lord's Supper;
5. All Universalists, the very large class in many religious bodies, who, though they believe in future punishment, do not believe that it will necessarily be eternal, and the still larger class who, though they believe in a future state, do not believe in the resurrection of the body.

Inconsistency No. 1. Here then is the first glaring inconsistency:—professing "to exhibit to others," that a living and everlasting union binds all true believers together," and at the same time adopting articles, which exclude, at least, nineteen twentieths of the Christian community—and among them the brightest and purest examples which the world has seen of Christian devotedness and love. All who lived between the third and the fifteenth centuries, with hardly an exception, are excluded from the Church of Christ. Fenelon and Oberlin, Chevérus and Channing, William Penn, Emanuel Swedenborg, all their followers, John Foster, John Milton and Noah Worcester, Isaac Watts whose hymns they sung at their meetings, and thousands of others, the noblest examples of Christian excellence, would, if now upon the earth, be excluded from their number.

Inconsistency No. 2. Article 1, declares "the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures," and yet they go on to draw up eight more articles, thus showing, that in their opinion the Scriptures are *not* sufficient, and therefore are not to be trusted alone.

Inconsistency No. 3. Article 7, declares "the right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures," and yet, unless in the exercise of this right and the performance of this duty, we come to believe in all the remaining eight articles, we are shut out from the Church of Christ.

These inconsistencies must destroy the whole vital principle of the Association, and prevent its ever becoming in itself an efficient body, or in any sense the representative of the Protestant world.

We had intended to show how this same inconsistency ran through the *action* of the Alliance; but our article is sufficiently long, and no inconsistency of action could more decidedly condemn the association, than those which exist in the fundamental articles of its constitution. The following articles, with those which have gone before, will show what the Alliance is. May it have all the success which it deserves, and exert an influence as wide as its charity!

Resolved, I. That the Alliance shall consist of those persons, in all parts of the world, who shall concur in the principles and objects adopted by the Conference, it being understood that such persons adhere as Christians to their individual capacity.

II. That the members of the Alliance be recommended to adopt such organization in their several countries as in their judgment may be most in accordance with their peculiar circumstances. An that, in furtherance of the above plan, it be recommended, for the present, that a branch be formed for each of the following districts, viz:—

1. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, exclusive of the British colonies.
2. The United States of America.
3. The Kingdom of France.
4. The north of Germany.
5. The south of Germany and German Switzerland.

And that additional branches be from time to time recognized as such by the concurrence of any two previously existing branches.

III. That an official correspondence be maintained between the several organized branches; and that annual reports of their proceedings be mutually interchanged, with a view to co-operation and encouragement in their common enterprise.

IV. That any member of the Alliance, on his removal to another country, shall be entitled to the privileges of membership, in connection with that branch of the Alliance existing near his new residence.

V. That the Alliance shall meet in Conference every seventh year, and oftener if deemed necessary, at the call of two branches on each side of the Atlantic. The time and place of the regular Septennial Meeting to be authorized by the previous Conference, and in case of Special Meetings, by mutual consultation. The first meeting to be held (D. V.) at in the year.

VI. That the Septennial Conference shall consist of all members of the Alliance specially appointed by the respective branches and their auxiliaries.

VII. That each Conference shall elect its own officers, viz. a President, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, Treasurer, and Committees; and may form such bye-laws as it shall deem proper, which shall not, however, be binding on any subsequent Conference.

VIII. That no alteration shall be made in the constitution of the Alliance at the time when such alteration is proposed; nor until, at a subsequent Conference, it shall be determined by a majority of three-fourths of the members present.

CLOSET MEDITATIONS.

THE PRAISE OF MEN.

Why do we find it so hard to bring our feelings into harmony with what we know is right and true and even best for us? I know that the praise of men is nothing compared with the approbation of God, that, as regards my own happiness and peace, the one is not worth a moment's thought when weighed against the other. This I know. It is the deliberate conviction of my understanding, and it would seem like an insult, if any one should undertake to show me that it was otherwise. I meditate on this truth, and resolve that, come what may, I will secure the favor of God. I leave my retirement and go among men. Their flattering smile or more flattering words overcome me. The fear of being exposed to their ridicule or of seeming to them too conscientious, unmans me. My resolution insensibly melts away. I am swayed by the breath of those around me, yield to their wishes and act from a foolish regard to what may be pleasing to them. Not that there is any deliberate purpose. Not that I could not easily resist, if the proposal were distinctly made. But before I know it, I am pervaded by their spirit, and unconsciously do as they would have me do. And when the spell is over, I come to myself, only to lament my weakness and folly. Can I never have the strength to give a tone to the conversation of my associates,—or at least to be something more than wax in their hands! Must I always come home to these reproachful thoughts, and think only with shame and sorrow of what I have done?

O, my Father, be Thou with me, a constant guardian and friend, and may I carry with me such a sense of thy presence, that all these foolish weaknesses may shrink abashed as from before thee. And may I cherish so near and constant a communion with thee, that the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart may be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

SOLITUDE.

We must all have hours of solitude. It is not safe to be always with others. There should be times when we have nothing, not even a book or an outward employment of any kind, to stand between us and our souls. What feelings have I this day cherished? What have I done to help me forward in the great and momentous concerns of life? Have I been mindful of the good of others? Have I experienced no sensation of envy or jealousy on meeting one who, as my competitor, has been more successful than myself? Or, if I have been the successful one, have I respected his feelings as my own, and done nothing, which I, in his place, would condemn? My character is spotless before the world: is it so in the sight of God? O God, be merciful to me, a sinner. For I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. Thou knowest mine unworthiness. But, through thy great mercy in Christ, have pity upon me.—Save me from secret faults. And so sanctify and bless the meditations of this hour, that I may go forth with newness of life and strength through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

F. W. H.

We gladly publish the following communication, which came too late for our last paper.—We honor our brother for his earnestness, and joyfully bear testimony to the zeal, enterprise and success with which he is laboring for the extension, of what we regard as the true Christian faith through central New York. Perhaps we did not make sufficient allowance for the sensitiveness arising from the peculiarity of his situation, while he, stimulated by the excitement of spreading what are there new views, may not appreciate the difficulties with which we have to contend here in preaching doctrines with which our people are already familiar, and pressing upon them "line upon line, precept upon precept," the plain, uncertain, but essential precepts of Christian duty. We hope that our friend will still occasionally favor us with his communications. We identify ourselves with no one branch of the denomination, but have sympathy with all, and wish our paper to be the organ in which all may find utterance and encouragment. Nor would we confine ourselves to Unitarians. Touching views of God's love we rejoice to draw from the Universalists; we would have our columns enlivened by the zeal of the Christians and their earnestness for the conversion of souls, and if we find in any of the Orthodox denominations, examples of humble piety and trust, or words penetrated by the spirit of our common master, we thankfully take them, that our readers may be enriched by their treasures of life and thought.

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For the Register.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to find you think it necessary to charge me with "reckless fault-finding." My article was caused by the pain expressed by a worthy Universalist clergyman at reading in my study an article from your paper. I read that piece three times, in connexion with an article sent by Bro. Hosmer from a Western Universalist paper, upon the tone assumed by us to that body. I see occassionally in "Christian" newspapers similar, though not so bitter, complaints.

My comments were not uncalled for. I am so situated as to receive many kind services from these denominations, which my own denomination is not at hand to render me, and which it surely ought not to render me if I am indeed "reckless." And, I have been pained to see symptoms of jealousy growing up in distant places towards us—which the Christian Register, regarded by them as the authoritative organ of our body, may allay, even if it did not create.

These are the facts of the case. The more scattered Unitarian clergy can be greatly helped in their work, provided with places to preach in and audiences to preach to, cheered by sympathy and encouragement from these similar disciples of the Son of God, and saved sometimes from abandoning their work altogether, sometimes from the weary hour of heartsickness, sometimes from being trodden under foot by the Holy Alliance of Trinitarians—does the Christian Register wish to interrupt their friendly offices! We cannot believe it. But is it not probable, that, read by sensitive eyes who are just beginning to look forward at our little Zion, its tone may seem a tithe too much elated by the strength of its Tri-mountain fortifications, by the learning, refinement and wealth of those who are numbered in its ranks, by the comfortable air of an old establishment, by the confidence admiration and love felt to its clergy in the vicinity of their stronghold!

It is right no doubt that every periodical we have, or are likely to have, should come from the atmosphere on which the sainted breath of so many sainted spirits seem yet to move. Had the editors of our journals passed much of their lives where their views were in a sad minority, were suspected of all kinds of dreadful things, were almost universally misconceived, they would look upon other denominations not servilely or fawningly, I know, but with earnest purpose to win their trust and love: they would avoid even the appearance of evil: they would appear rather as suitors than patrons.

And now, a single fact as to Unitarians desiring to take pride in their success. When you were in the Divinity school at Cambridge, there were five societies in Pennsylvania—and some talk of a second church in Philadelphia. Now, to our shame be it said, there are but two places left us, and one of them not so strong as it once was, yet this same state of Pennsylvania has doubled its numbers I suppose in that time, and some other denominations have multiplied fourfold. It is to be hoped, to be sure that the Meadville School will more than retrieve the position we have lost:—but, owing to our lack of zeal, self-devotion, energy and practical sagacity—owing to the fact that very young preachers were sent where the most experienced ought to have gone, men of retiring habits instead of those who could seek and make friends, men more studious than eloquent, and more refined than popular, we have gone behindhand throughout that state. Instead of these two very moderate societies, we ought to have had there the same number of congregations as in the state of New York—instead of being satisfied to let these large towns like Pittsburg slip out of our hands they should have been made only the stepping stones to other growing cities. Surely as a body our talent has been buried in the ground. Having common sense, reason, the plain meaning of the Gospel and sufficient wealth to make it known, we have slumbered when others have toiled, and now the expected harvest is stored away in others, barns.

Yours truly F. W. H.

[The publication of this, and several other communications has been accidentally deferred.]

For the Register.

LIVERPOOL, 10th Aug. 1846.

MR. EDITOR,—Dear Sir: Have any of your readers ever been in Liverpool, and on a pleasant Sunday in the summer stood upon the pier-heads, which line the city on the river side, and witnessed the crowds moving upon the water? I crossed over on one of these days to Birkenhead, the dark boats in sulphurous smoke, not cleanly and lively like ours, issuing back and forth, freighted with the common people and some of other conditions to catch the breeze of heaven. Some of the these boats go out into the intricate passages which form the entrance to the harbor, covered to their very wheel boxes with human beings, enjoying the gratifications before them. The opposite shore under its various names, generally known as Birkenhead, is rising into great importance as a place of residence and business. It is like our Brooklyn, has its new docks in process of building, its made-land, its fine houses and all the elements of a great and interesting suburb. We landed at one of the lower ferries and walked by a road through the fields to compass the great basin about to be enclosed as a dock. At the head is a bridge of primitive construction with a draw to let small craft through into the dock. Marshes there are which the hand of man has not touched, but, turning toward the more habitable part we come very soon into one of the most open and airy laid out plains I have ever seen. With land as valuable as any in the vicinity of great cities, yet the authorities here have not forgotten that streets should be wide, that trees are an agreeable feature and give shade, that squares are beautiful to look upon and walk in, and give variety to the scenery and sensations, that room, air &c., are indeed blessings. It is that higher conception of living which should obtain everywhere It invites out of doors and gives a charm to every thing around. There is a park here also, with its entrance lodges, its water-falls and grottoes, and rocks, and hill sides, and serpentine walks, and flowers and trees, all truly bewitching, through which we were glad to walk and be jostled by the crowd who were there.—It was their own, no key to grate upon their ear, and well behaved and thankfulthey looked. The most interesting feature of the whole scene was doubtless the moving multitude. Amongst them, and I returned and landed with them from all directions, I saw no boisterous movement unbecoming the day. Their life is of too serious import for this, not that industry is not properly rewarded, but there is less excess, less change, less to fall back upon, if levity undermine, than with us; but there was that which showed the day might have been worse spent, perhaps not better, had they staid at home.

This is a deep subject, this of recreation to the poor on Sunday, and perhaps if society was as it should be and proper relaxation could be meeted out to them every day, then to worship God in the quiet of their houses were better.—But is there every thing that is peculiarly acceptable in church worship? Is there not much that deters the poor from going there? We know that there is, and that God, as revealed to them in nature, is a different being from him who is revealed by Christians. But our houses of worship are now too costly, and yet it is hard to think that these structures should not be of solid durable material, of architectural beauty and solemn effect, a worthy offering of man's substance to the God of heaven. But there is some cause, that sends the poor away to unlearned places, where they hear extravagant and extempore speaking, when the best powers of the mind should be taxed through the week and treasured up to enlighten us upon the great concerns of our intellectual, moral and religious being.

There are a great many poor in this city, and beggars are met in every street. Some make a business of begging and some are idle, and knowledge of this makes the heart callous.—Almsgiving, or indeed relief in the usual ways adopted, does little to alleviate this distress, it strikes not at the root, it is but an outward appliance to a mortal gangrene within. The two extremes of life must approximate before relief of much value can be obtained. There always will be diversities of condition. All have not the same power over circumstance, over temptation, are not alike situated or constituted; but would there be hunger and nakedness, if there were not cupidity and over much gain? We all know or ought to know in Christian lands the limits at which our desires become sinful, and so far as taste and refinement go the truly cultivated are generally pleased with the commonest things. This censure so far as it goes is a general one, even if the remedy must not come from the lower side; but waiving this, the less covetous may, by superior management, avoid the sands and eddies which retard his neighbor, for of course I cannot believe in chance.

I think the concentration of wealth, whether brought on by the entailment of estates, governmental sinecures and great salaries or from whatever cause, is the thing most to be feared in this country; that misery and ill requited labor have an awful account against it, is as true as the universal paternity of God, and yet there is an immense reforming power on this island, that will do all that is necessary for its people and the demands of the age without peril of civil commotion. Sir Robert Peel's late position and his present one even more, is an era of great value to this country as significant of security and peace within. It shows that there are men equal to the nation's wants. And Lord Aberdeen will always be remembered as the one who did more than all others to preserve peace on the Oregon. All this was effected by men who were supposed adverse to change, supposed to be trammelled by party, in whom it would have been virtue to die by their party right or wrong.

G. B.

For the Register.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

An aged clergyman of Maine, 85 years of age, had a strong desire to attend the meeting of the Alumni, but was prevented by circumstances not under his control. He however prepared a *sentiment* to be forwarded and offered with others on that interesting occasion, though it was not presented at the time it may be allowed to follow others, though far behind.

Harvard University, the mother of us all. We rejoice that she has taken to her bosom her favorite son, and thus putting joy and gladness into the hearts of her immediate household, and of all her children through the land. May he, whom she and our country thus delight to honor, give increased prominence to her moral and literary character, and carry out the pious design of her generous Benefactors. P.

PERMANENCY OF THE PASTORAL RELATION.

We understand that the First Congregational society in New Bedford, several weeks ago, invited the Rev. Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, to become their pastor. Believing that they had no right to take him away without the consent of his people, they sent a communication to the society in Philadelphia, to whom Mr. Furness referred the whole matter. The society by a very large and almost unanimous vote (three only in the negative) expressed their unwillingness to part with him; whereupon he declined accepting the invitation. We believe that there is no society in our denomination, which presents to a devoted minister who is fitted for it, a more pleasant and desirable field of usefulness, than that in New Bedford, and there is no one in whose welfare we personally feel so deep an interest. Their whole conduct in this matter was such as became a Christian people in taking a step so deeply affecting the interests of a sister congregation. Yet we cannot but rejoice at the result of the negotiation. Where the connection already existing between a minister and people is a harmonious one, we do not believe that anything but a strong necessity can authorise a change, which must give severe and lasting pain to many hearts. If the connection is what it should be, it is one of the very last to be voluntarily broken up. The ties are too many, too sacred and too strong, to be severed for any but the strongest reasons. As a matter of fact, we do not remember a single instance in which such a change has been made merely for the sake of securing a more elegible situation or "a wider field of usefulness," as the phrase is, where the future condition of the minister proved to be particularly a happy one.

The subject of permanency in the pastoral relation is one of very great importance. Many young men are settled in places not suited to them, and in such cases there will be uneasiness on both sides, which must of necessity lead to a change. Or a minister's health may fail, and, finding himself unequal to the discharge of his duties, he may rightly seek another place, where he may labor with more ease, or from the inadequacy of his salary he may be unable to support and educate his family even with the most severe economy. But with these and possibly a few other extreme exceptions, we do not believe, that a harmonious and happy connection between pastor and people, ought ever to be dissolved, or that it ever can be dissolved without giving injury both to minister and people.

The sentiment of the community on this subject, we think, is right; and *societies*, at least those which are most eligible in *our* denomination, very seldom, we believe, *without* good reason, lead the way to the dismission of a gentle, devoted, wise and efficient minister. Whatever of instability there may be, except with societies struggling for life, is owing much more to our unreasonable restlessness among the ministers than among the people, and the consequence is, as it ought to be, a general tendency to lower the character of the ministry and the respect in which, as a profession, they are held by the community.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Will our correspondents be so good as to remember, that no communication purporting to be a statement of facts can be published by us, unless we have the name of the writer?

Several valuable communications have been received too late for this week.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"STATEMENT OF REASONS FOR EMBRACING THE DOCTRINES AND DISCLOSURES OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG." By George Bush.

This is a pamphlet, issued as an "Extra," and occupying the place of four numbers, 27-30, of "the Swedenborg Library," a work edited by Professor Bush, whose recent conversion to Swedenborgianism seems to mark a new era in the history of the "New Church." The enviable reputation of the Author, as a scholar, and as a writer, will, doubtless, secure to his "statement" a very general reading, whatever its success may be, in causing conviction to the minds of others, of the claims of the Swedish Philosopher, as an authorized expounder of the Christian religion. The history of a serious, thoughtful mind, honest, and, above all, faithful to its own convictions of truth, is always interesting, and always beneficial in its influence, however erratic the opinions of such a mind may be thought to be. And no one who is acquainted with Prof. Bush, either personally, or through his writings, can doubt, for a moment, his fidelity to his conscience and to the decisions of his own understanding.

The pamphlet before us is written in the usual nervous and terse style of the Author, and gives the clearest proof of being a truthful history of his intellectual progress from Orthodoxy to his present position. In order that the reasons may appear to be valid, which have wrought so great a change in his religious opinions, he enters into an extended and elaborate defence of the peculiar doctrines of Swedenborg. And we are clearly of opinion, that it is the best defence of these doctrines that has yet appeared. Nor is it an unskilful defence. Prof. Bush has seized upon the strong points of his present faith, and has exhibited them in the strongest light, as we think, in which they can be shown.

After *giving* a somewhat particular account of the *mental* processes, through which he passed, before resting in his present convictions, he presents a clear view of Swedenborg's doctrine of the Trinity, of the Atonement, of "the nature of the soul and its state after death," and of the "internal sense of the word." His defence of these doctrines rests, not so much upon the extraordinary, if not supernatural, illumination, or inspiration, claimed for Swedenborg, as upon their intrinsic reasonableness. Though he not only admits, but contends for the verity of Swedenborg's intercourse with the spiritual world, and maintains, that his doctrines were revealed to him, while he was in an abnormal state, not unlike that, which is supposed to have been the mental state of the ancient prophets; he yet mainly insists upon the *a priori* probability, or, rather, moral certainty, of the truth of these doctrines.

In this statement and defence of his faith, we would not insinuate, that any want of fairness can be charged against Prof. Bush. We doubt not, that he is honest in the advocacy of his new views of religious truth. And yet we cannot but think, that Swedenborgianism, as exhibited by Prof. Bush, is very different from Swedenborgianism, as taught by Swedenborg himself. Prof. Bush has given only a very partial exhibition of the system. He has confined himself to its general principles. And if these general principles could be separated from *the details* of the system, we have no doubt, that they would meet a far more general acceptance. But such a separation cannot be made. The details rest upon the same authority, that lies at the foundation of the general principles. If we accept the one, we are compelled by consistency to accept the other. For the one, as well as the other, the details, as well as the principles, flow from the spiritual illumination of Swedenborg.

Now, with regard to these details, we confess our utter inability to conceive, how any cautious, and carefully reasoning mind, can possibly believe in their verity. Certainly, Prof. B's mode of reasoning, if applied to them, would prove a signal failure. Quite sure we are, that he will not pretend to any *a priori* probability of their truth. We confess to a sympathy with Swedenborg's general doctrine of a future state,—that men retain in that state, the moral tastes and characters, in which they are confirmed on earth. But when we are told, that Melanethon is clothed in a bear-skin, in the spiritual world, and dwells in a cold, unfurnished stone chamber, —where we are told, that Calvin occupies a room with harlots, where he preaches the doctrine of predestination;—that some of the inhabitants of the hells enter into the bellies of horses, and delight themselves with fetid stenches, and that the highest delights of the heavens are those of conjugal love,—and these, we can assure our readers, are some of the least offensive of the details of the future state,—when our assent is solicited to such views as these, we are constrained to say, *credat Judæus,—non ego*. So of the "internal sense of the word." The general doctrine, as set forth by Prof. B. is not without plausibility. But when we are taught, that "the garments of Aaron" mean "the spiritual kingdom of the Lord adjoined to his celestial kingdom;"—that Edom means "the Lord's human essence;"—that the number forty-two signifies blasphemy, and that "bears", in the story of the forty-two children, 2 Kings, ii. 24, signifies "the literal sense of the word," we confess to an incredulity which is not overcome by the reasons, that have commanded the faith of Prof. Bush. And all these details, together with volumes of a similar and far more repulsive character, are only part and parcel of the Theology of Swedenborg, having precisely the same claims to our faith, with the general principles of his religious system.

Prof. B. purposely passes by all objections that are raised against the views of his favorite Teacher. And on this point, we must say, we are greatly disappointed with his "statement of reasons." We hoped that he would, at least, offer some plausible explanation of exceedingly offensive portions of Swedenborg's works on "Conjugial" and "Scortatory love." A respect for our readers will not allow us to make quotations from these portions. But where numerous circumstances are gravely specified, as justifying a violation of the laws of chastity, and unfaithfulness to the marriage covenant; and when we are taught, that concubinage is allowed even in the heavens, we are free to say, that neither the reasonings of Prof. Bush, nor those of any other man, can be sufficient to overcome our objections, arising from the *morale* of the New Jerusalem Christianity.

To our mind, Swedenborg is as yet an unexplained phenomenon. We have read, with some care, the recent reviews of his religious system, by Dr. Woods, of Andover, and Dr. Pond, of Bangor. But they are as far from satisfying us on the one side, as the "Statement" of Prof. B. is, on the other. These works give a tolerably fair exhibition of the logical and moral structure of Swedenborg's doctrines; but as an explanation of the state of mind in which these doctrines originated, we hesitate not to say, that they are a total failure. The objections, which they urge against the doctrines in question, must have weight, we think, with all, whose faith is not implicitly yielded to the authority of Swedenborg; but their attempt to account for the undoubted facts, in the history of that extraordinary man, is fruitless, not to say, pitiful. The facts, which they cite, as analagous to this case, are not analagous to it; and if they were, they would prove nothing. Suppose other minds have been in a state similar to that of Swedenborg's, as we doubt not is true, what then? Is one inexplicable fact accounted for by a like fact equally inexplicable? To say, that Swedenborg was deranged, and in proof of the assertion, to cite cases similar to his, is only a confession of an ignorance of the whole mater, under cover of the convenient word "*deranged*." And, for this reason, the world will be none the wiser, in regard to Swedenborg, for the works of Dr. Woods, and Dr. Pond. Nor can we resist the conviction, that a clearer light must be shed upon the subject, than either these Theologians, or Prof. Bush have thrown upon it, before the Swedenborgian phenomenon will be satisfactorily explained. N.

The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist. An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard University at their Anniversary, Aug. 27, 1846. By Charles Sumner.

We should wish no better gift for our young men than that they should be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of this address. We hope that it may be published in a cheap form and spread through all the land. So full an abstract of it has already appeared in our columns that we need not say any thing further of its character.

A Poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Alpha of Massachusetts, on its Anniversary, Aug. 27, 1846. By James Freeman Clarke.

When we heard this poem, we supposed that it was smothered by the weight of the Oration that preceeded it. We felt sure that it had good things in it, but were not moved by them at the time. When we saw it beautifully printed, we anticipated much pleasure from reading it. But the result has been the same as before. It is not common-place; it has excellent things in it, but they do not move or interest us. We would, therefore, recommend it to our readers, hoping that they may have the soul which we have not, and be able to find in it what we still think must be there, though we cannot see it.

We are glad to add the following from one whose authority in such things is much greater than our own.

We have seen various criticisms on this poem, none of which suit us. If we may use such a phrase, it is far better as poetry, than as a poem. As a poem, possessing the completeness which we require in a finished work of art, it is defective. It reads as if written hurridly, as if it were but a fragment of what was in the writer's mind. It is also deficient in that rhetorical adaptation which the ear of a crowded and weary audience demands. Notwithstanding this, it is imbued with the very spirit of a calm, meditative, elevated poetry; and no one can read it without the conviction that the author is in a high sense of the word, a poet. His taste must be a narrow and unsympathetic one, which does not recognize a poet's eye and heart in the generous magnanimity of sentiment, and in the descriptions, vivid and true as if wrought out on canvass, which he here finds, set forth in graceful and flowing verse. It suffered from being out of place, just as (without intending to compare them.) Wordsworth's "Lines on Tintern Abbey," would have been unfitted for recitation under similar circumstances. It belongs to that kind of poetry which is addressed to an unhurried, contemplative mind; sure and confident that they who read it in this state of mind, will feel, that defective as it may be as a whole, it still must be classed among the best of those to which our literary celebrations have given birth.

*

First Book of English for Children, based upon the "significance of the alphabet." By Charles Kraitser, M. D.

The author of this little book has the reputation of being a very successful teacher of languages by a method of his own. He considers classes of letters to be significant of ideas. Thus vowels, he says, "are expressive of modification and emotion." "Liquids, expressive of moisture and motions." "Labials expressive of moving phenomena." "Guttural organ, expressive of cause, self-moving action, the internal, the angle, the capacious, the covering, hiding, &c." "Teeth, expressive of dead existence, demonstrable by the tongue." These divisions include the whole alphabet, and under these different heads all that language is capable of expressing must be arranged. But judged by this system our English language is full of anomalies. Letters, expressive of the true ideas for which words stand, have, through corruptions of speech and orthography, been left out, others added or changed, so that the true features of the alphabet, or its real significance, are now to be recognised only by a very close philosophical attention. And yet through this subtile analysis children are to be introduced to an acquaintance with the written forms of their mother tongue. We doubt very much the success of the experiment, if conducted strictly according to the principles indicated by the title of the book.

But on examination of the book itself, we find that it has almost nothing to do with the "significance of the Alphabet." Mention indeed is made, of another book, "developing the principles of the signification of words, and serving as a definer, which should be in the hands of the teacher, if not of the pupil, from the time that the latter begins this first book." But this book has reference only to sound. We have little doubt, that there may be a better classification of sounds for the use of children, than is contained in any of our elementary books, and, bating some mistakes which the author has made probably from his want of familiarity with our language, we are inclined to think that such a classification has here been made, or at least indicated, and that through such an arrangement children may be saved a vast deal of the trouble and perplexity which meet them now at every step in their early acquaintance with our written language. We hope the experiment will be made, and that if Dr. Kraitser's present book should not be found sufficiently simple in its accompaniments, complete in its arrangement or correct in its details, that the imperfection incident to a first attempt may be removed in a future edition, and a better book than we now have be provided for our children.

The Child's Friend: A Monthly Periodical for Children. Boston. L. C. Bowles.

This excellent little publication has just reached its seventh volume; and if, as all interested in moral progress ought to hope, it be well sustained, it is a guarantee of the worth of character of the coming generation.

The great defects in the moral education of children consist in its being didactic, abstract, sentimental. All these faults have been for the most part avoided in the Child's Friend; and every number seems an improvement on the last.

A more acceptable present for the young can hardly be found, than a set of this work from the commencement; while quite as true a test of its merit is that it is no less interesting to their elders.

Indeed, since the publication of "Evenings at Home," and Miss Edgeworth's Stories, there has been seldom any thing for children given to the press so pure and elevated in moral tone, and so simply beautiful and correct in style, as many of the tales, dialogues, sketches and translations to be found in the Child's Friend.

Amongst others the memory keeps the deepest and most pleasurable impression of those on the character of Jesus, and on Martyrs, with those entitled "The Cranberry Pasture," "The Father Reproved by the Child," and the "Letter to a Young Friend," all written by the Editor, Mrs. Follen. These, with the "Heritage," by James Russell Lowell, the translation, by Miss Osgood of Medford, of a most affecting and edifying story of Martyrdom for conscience sake, the articles signed S. S. C. by Miss Cabot, with those bearing the initials W. P. A.—C. T. B. and H. understood to be from the pen of Mr. Atkinson, of New Bedford Rev. C. T. Brooks of Newport, and Mrs. Hall, of Providence, are each and all of distinguished excellence.

Although it exhibits the truest religious character, there is no sectarian aim discernible in this little periodical. Still, if the Unitarians have either the *Espirit du corps* of other religious denominations, or the general benevolence they claim as characteristic of their own, they ought in consistency, to be busily engaged in the circulation of this little work, which opens such a field of moral usefulness to them, while it reflects so much credit on their denomination. C.

We gladly publish the above communication from one whom we very highly respect. We have taken the Child's Friend from the beginning. There was a time when we did not think it what it should be. The Editor evidently did not give her heart to the work. But within the last year it seems to have taken a new lease of life and is full of interesting and instructive matter for children. The last two numbers particularly are excellent, and if, as we understand is the case, Mrs. Follen is now going to devote herself to it, we believe that all parents will find it a most excellent assistant in their families. The present number begins a new volume, and the price for a year is less than is often paid for a single toy.

IMPOSITORS.

A Holly. More information has reached us in regard to this individual in a letter from the Rev. Mr Fenner of Cincinnati. The amount of the whole is that he is an ingenious and plausible impostor. By the way, we have a dim recollection of an individual, who greatly resembled in his story, intimate knowledge of the denomination and zealous sectarianism this said Holly, who came from the West and went East and then back again, a few years since. Is not this the same gentleman? Perhaps it is not worth while to answer the question. For all practical purposes it is sufficient for our friends to know that they need not waste sympathy or money on A. Holly.

That Young Irishman, (about whom information was also asked,) who was seeking aid to go to Meadville, has been, so says a correspondent, in Providence, R. I. *lying* and getting money. He called himself Porter and was going to New Bedford and other places, on his peculiar errand. We are sorry to record these facts but as there are many deserving persons to be aided, undoubted impostors must be exposed.

Cambridgeport Parish. The Unitarian Society in Cambridgeport at a meeting held on Tuesday evening last, unanimously invited Rev. John F. W. Ware, of Fall River, to become their Pastor. The meeting was very fully attended, and the best spirit prevailed. We learn that, during the past week, the Parish debt, amounting to nearly $ 1000, has been paid; and that a sum has been subscribed sufficient to procure a new bell. The prospects of the society were never better. [Cambridge Chronicle.

Ordination. Mr. Winckly, recently appointed "Minister at Large" in this city, and who will take charge of Pitts Street Chapel, will be ordained *to-morrow evening* at the Church of Rev. F. T. Gray, Bulfinch Street. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Gannett. Services will commence at 7 o'clock.

OBITUARY.

HENRIETTA GALE.

Died in Heath Sept. 13th Miss Henrietta Gale, daughter of Luther Gale Esq., aged 28.

In the death of this interesting lady the family have lost one of its brightest ornaments. She needs no eulogy, but her own pure and holy life. They who have loved her with all the hearts best affections, would make some record of her virtues, that when the cold earth and its cares have dimmed the light of Christian holiness in the soul, they may recur to her blessed example, and be incited onward and upward to that home, to which her pure spirit has preceded us but for a short time.

Her religion was no thing of time, and place, nothing which said "Lo, here, or lo, there" is my Christianity—it was a part of her *very self* something which rested on her every action, and pervaded all her conduct,—it went out as the glad sunshine on the placid waters spreading peace and love—its naturalness made it felt rather than seen, and rendered her christian principles as much a matter of course as the air we breathe.

Such should religion be, such must it be—ere the world will feel its life-giving, soul-sustaining power. "Not lost but gone before" is our departed friend, and her early departure forms another link in that holy chain, which reaches down from a purer world, inviting us to come up hither. M. M. S.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop, of this city, from Isaiah xlv. 6 and 7. "I am the Lord, I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I the Lord do all these things."

Subject,—The lessons to be drawn from the contrasts which the Divine Providence presents.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

☞ Since our last the Great Western and Britannia have arrived: but the neither brought any news of special importance.

Temperance in Oregon. It appears by an extract of a letter from Oregon, that fears are entertained that the temperance principles and habits of the place may be overcome by the habits of the new settlers. The writer says,—"if intoxicating drinks have a free circulation in this place, alas for this community and alas for the poor Indians of this land."

Army Flogging. English papers state, that Frederick John White died on the 11th of July last, from the effects of a severe and cruel flogging of 150 lashes received on his bare back and neck, at the cavalry barracks, on Hounslow Heath,—it being in execution of a court martial sentence. A coroner's inquest was held, and the jury speak of the fact, and of the law which justifies it, in such term of severity as the infamy of law and the practice deserves. It was reported that the Duke of Wellington was about to cause the abolition of punishment by whipping. But it appears that he only moved for the reduction of the number of stripes to 50.—How long will this practice, so disgraceful to the British army and nation be tolerated?

And have we not some faults as a nation equally disgraceful? What shall be said of shooting deserters, without even the forms of a camp trial and allowing the iniquity to be hushed up without investigation or reproof? But why do we complain of these things, which are the acknowledged and legitimate fruits of war, while we encourage and support the almost infinitely greater wrong of war itself, which in most cases is no less than deliberate *wholesale* murder?

A Healthy Town. Of the many blessings which we, of New England enjoy, that of a healthy climate is not the least. Probably no other country contains so large a number of aged people, in proportion to the whole population as does New England. In the earlier settled parts, esqecially, the number of those who have lived out the portion of time allotted to man, of three score years and ten, is truly remarkable.

Having, during a recent journey to New Hampshire, collected a few statistics relating to longevity, I thought they would not be uninteresting to your readers.

The little town of Hollis in Hillsborough County, contained in 1840, 1333 inhabitants, and probably at the present time the number is still less; but of this number 85 have already reached the age of 70 years, that is nearly one fifteenth of the whole population. Of these 85, 8 are between 90 and 100; 17 between 80 and 90, 26 between 75 and 80, and 34 between 70 and 75. Besides these, there are many others, who, in many places, would be accounted old people, but who have not yet reached their 70th year.

The oldest person in town is the venerable Judge Farrar, who is now in his hundredth year. He is I believe, the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard College, having graduated 79 years ago.

One fact is particularly remarkable, and probably cannot be paralleled any where else in the country. In eight contiguous houses, there are 9 persons living whose age is within a very small fraction of 85 years each, the oldest being over 99, and the youngest over 75. Among these are the Rev. Eli Smith, now in his 88th year, the second settled minister in the town, and his wife now in the 78th year of her age. She is the grand-daughter of the Rev. Daniel Emerson, the first minister of the town, the grandfather of Judge Smith, formerly Governor of Maine.

Hollis was first settled in 1730 by Capt. Peter Powers, the grand-father of Mr. James Powers of this city. Some of the early settlers lived to a great age several having reached more than their hundredth year. Mr. Emerson sustained his pastoral relation more than 58 years, and died in the early part of the present century, leaving behind a memory cherished and beloved by all his flock.

Hollis is not deficient in interesting historical incidents. The patriotism of her sons during the Revolutionary War, was severely tested. Of the 1200 men furnished by New Hampshire, for the battle of Bunker's Hill, 70 were from Hollis. Of these 7 were killed, and 6 wounded. 30 from this town were also in the battle of Bennington. The whole number of soldiers furnished by the town during the war was 250. [Corres. Bangor Whig.

Consecration for Oregon. A very imposing ceremony took place on Sunday morning last, in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Montreal—the elevating to the Episcopal dignity of the Rev. Mr. Blanchet, one of the canons, who was nominated at Rome for the office of Archbishop of Oregon. His title is "Archbishop of Walla-Walla." Seven dioceses are now formed in Oregon, and provisionally three prelates superintend them, the Archbishop and two Bishops. New York Com. Adv.

A Curiosity. We saw, yesterday, a letter in the handwriting of Oliver Cromwell, dated February 4th, 1650, and addressed to the committee of the House of Commons. It is in excellent preservation, and the penmanship is bold, clear and distinct. This is indeed a curiosity. It is now the property of a lady of this city, who is, however, willing to dispose of it. [Philadelphia Sun.

Accounts from Holland state that, so great is the number of people who have decided to emigrate to the United States, that the price of land has fallen in some districts in consequence.

Earthquakes have been felt in Turkey, Hungary, the north of Itally and Switzerland. The season has been unusually hot all over Europe.

Death of Professor Kellogg, of Williamstown. *Williams College, Oct. 2.* Died, in this town, this morning, Professor Ebenezer Kellogg, aged 57. Prof. K. has been connected with this college since 1815, as Professor of Languages. His classical attainments were remarkable, and though he has never been a noisy aspirant for notoriety, he has been an ornament to the circle in which he moved; a faithful instructor, and a firm friend to the college for 31 years. For the last three years, a disease of the lungs of many years standing, has unfitted him for public duties, and he has slowly fallen away. He was a man of God, and died as the righteous die. S. H. D.

[Correspondence of the Springfield Gazette.

At the annual meeting of the Society of the Alumni of Harvard University, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Hon. John Quincy Adams, President.
" Edward Everett, } Vice Presidents.
" Josiah Quincy }
" Daniel A. White, }
" Lemuel Shaw, }
" Peleg Sprague, }
" Jonathan Chapman, } Directors.
" Samuel Salisbury, }
George S. Hillard, Esq }
William W. Greenough, Esq. }
William Dehon, Esq. Secretary. }

Riddle. The following riddle is attributed to Mr. Macaulay, the Essayist.

Cut off my head,—and singular I am,
Cut off my tail,—and plural I appear;
Cut off both head and tail, and strange to tell
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there;
What is my head, cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail, cut off? A roaring river,
Within whose eddying deeps I peaceful play,
A parent of soft sounds, though mute forever.

The above is solved in the Advertiser thus:

Ecod! I've guessed it! 'Tis a *Cod:*
Cut off his head, he's very *od:*
Cut off his tail, you have a *Co,*
And that is "plural" all men know.
Cut off his head and tail, you leave
A middle nothing (0), you perceive.
What is his head? A sounding C,
What is his tail? The river D.
And where's the Epicure but cries "*Od Zounds,*"
"I *know* the Cod produces most sweet *Sounds.*"

Consecration of St. Stephen's Chapel.—This beautiful and appropriate edifice was consecrated to the worship of Almighty God Monday forenoon, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts. The Instrument of Donation was read by the Rev. Dr. Vinton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, and the Sentence of Consecration, by Rev. E. M. P. Wells, the missionary to the congregation worshipping in the Chapel. Morning prayer was offered by Rev. Theodore Edson, Rector of St. Ann's Church, Lowell. The Ante-Communion service was read by the Bishop, assisted by Rev. Dr. Vinton, who read the Epistle. The Sermon (from Psalm lxxxiv. 4) was preached by the Bishop, and was an admirable exposition of the blessedness of those who frequent the courts of the Lord's house.

This Chapel has been erected at the sole expense of William Appleton of this city, and has cost him, as we understand, including land, buildings, organ, and church furniture, about $ 22,000—a noble act of Christian munificence! "Why is it," said the Bishop in his sermon, "why is it that such instances of pious liberality are so rare in a community so wealthy as ours!"

The Rev. Mr. Wells gave notice that the Chapel would be open every day, at sunrise and sunset, for daily morning and evening prayers. [Journal.

The Semi-Annual Convention. Our readers will remember this meeting will take place at Philadelphia on the 20th inst; and that a full attendance both of clergy and laity is very desirable.

N. B. Brethren not otherwise provided for are requested to go to the Morris House, Chesnut street, between 7th and 8th streets, where they will be taken care of.

☞ A notice of the Quarterly Meeting of the Fraternity of Churches is necessarily deferred, for want of room.

☞ The next meeting of the CAMBRIDGE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will be held at the house of Rev Mr Bellows, Framingham, on Tuesday, October the 15th. W. NEWELL, Scribe.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars from the teachers of the Sunday School connected with the *South Congregational Society in this city*, of which Rev. F. D. Huntington is pastor, to constitute W. P. Jarvis, Esq., who has been their Superintendent for eighteen years, a Life Member of the Society. oct7

☞ The next meeting of the MAINE WESTERN MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, will be held in Portland, on Monday, Oct 12th, at the Study of Rev Mr Cutler, at half past two o'clock, P. M.
o10 I. T. G. NICHOLS, Sec'y.

☞ The thirty-fourth Annual Meeting of the FRAGMENT SOCIETY will be held at the house of Mrs Caleb Curtis, 32 Chestnut street, Monday, Oct 12th, at 3 P. M. Subscribers unable to attend the meeting will confer a favor by sending their subscriptions at that time. MARGARETTE C. SMITH, Sec'y.
o10

☞ NOTICE! The Middlesex Sunday School Society will hold its next Annual Meeting in Brighton, on the second Wednesday (14th) of October. The services will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. The annual Report and discussion of teachers in the forenoon, and a Sermon and Addresses in the afternoon. All the friends of the cause are invited to attend.
o5 B. FROST, Sec'y.

☞ THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION will hold their next meeting at the Rev Mr White's, in Littleton, on Wednesday, Oct 14, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

N. B. The brethren will please observe that the time is changed from the adjournment.
o3 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association has removed to No 56 Pearl street. a29

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 28th ult., Cornelius Conway Felton, Elliot, Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, to Mary Louisa, eldest daughter of Hon. Thomas S. Cary, of Boston.

In Burlington, Vt., 15th ult., Rev Joseph H. Myers, to Miss Ellen J. daughter of Rev. Pres. Wheeler.

In Hallowell, Me., on Monday evening, by Rev Mr Hobart, N. Woods, Esq. of Gardiner, to Miss Harriet E. daughter of Capt James Blish of H.

At Pembroke, 29th ult., by Rev Mr Smith, Mr Elijah B. Turner of Scituate to Miss Lucy B. Standish, of Pembroke.

In Amherst, 30th ult, Seth Fish M. D. to Miss Amelia D. daughter of Rev S. S. Nelson.

In Newton, Thursday evening, 1st inst, by Rev Mr Fox, Mr George Robbins, of Boston, to Elizabeth F. daughter of Mr Amasa Murdock, of N.

In New Bedford, 1st inst, by Rev Mr Peabody of Boston N. P. Willis, Esq. of New York, to Cornelia, daughter of Hon Joseph Grinnell, M. C.

In New York, 3d instant, by Rev Dr Adams, R. N. Pierce, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Zylpha Adams, of Newburyport.

DEATHS.

In Harvard, Sunday, 20th inst, Emma Kendall, infant daughter of Augustus K. and Mary H. Porter, aged 4 mos.

"As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

It died, ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod:—
O mourner! such the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God!"

In Hingham, 5th inst, of typhus fever, Walter, son of Mr Henry Gassett, of Boston, 18.

In Brookline, 27th ult. Mrs Emma Jane, wife of Mr Chauncey Woodward, 27.

In Cambridge, 2d inst. Benj. Waterhouse, M. D. 92.

In Salem 1st inst, Capt Henry Prince, 82.

In Newburyport, Phillip J. Cushing, 29.

In West Newbury, Capt Richard Heath.

In Northampton, while on a visit to her friends, Miss Rebecca Barrett, of Concord, aged 60.

In Northborough, 30th ult., Lucy M. Bartlett, eldest daughter of Mr Edward B. Bartlett, 19.

In Peterboro', N. H., Capt William Scott, a useful citizen and excellent man, greatly respected while he lived and deeply lamented now.

In Burlington, Vt. Sept. 4, Hon George A. Allen, 49.

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Rev. John Codman, D. D., Dorchester.
Rev. John A. Albro; Professor Channing; Professor Beck; Professor Felton—Cambridge.
o3 eopis5t

THE CHILD'S FRIEND, No. 1, Vol 7. For October.

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Little Things,
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Christianity.

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

AN EMBLEM.

As late I ranged the vernal wood
I spied a pool by chance,
Upon whose surface I then cast
A philosophic glance.

And shallow was its narrow bed,
With the sere leaves bestrown,
Which in the autumn of the year,
Into the spot had flown.

But as again I threw my glance
Its shallow depth along,
The prospect of the scene beyond
I deemed fit theme for song.

There, from between a parting cloud
Broke forth the orb of day;
While near the varied evergreens
The rising breeze did play.

The budding trees their branches raised
To heaven's etherial blue,
And over all th' impartial sun
His glad'ning radience threw.

If thus upon the world we look,
With eye intent to sound
Its seats of gain, thus shall appear
The depth of things around.

But if with a religious eye
We glance life's prospect o'er,
Bright gleaming from reflected land
Shall bid our spirits soar.

Nor was that scene delusion all,
Nor are the Christian's dreams;
'Tis from *a real country* that
The glad reflection gleams. CILLA.

JUNE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountain round;
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,

'T were pleasant, that in flowery June
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf, should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently prest
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife-bee and humming-bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent.
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument.
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But, if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share,
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear, again, his living voice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YOUNGEST SISTER.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

"I rocked her in her cradle,
And laid her in her tomb—
She was the youngest—O! what fireside circle
Hath not felt the charm of that sweet word,
The youngest ne'er grow old."

It was twilight, and I sat watching the decaying embers, when my attention was arrested by the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment. I heard nothing except, "Ah! you are the youngest!" in a tone of mingled reproach and fondness. The youngest! what an echo has it awakened! I lately heard those words among the hills of New Hampshire, connected with a touching tale of truth, which I shall not soon forget. I was riding along the bank of one of those bright and tranquil little sheets of water, which hide away among the mountains, as if fearful that aught less than the heavens should be mirrored in their blue depths. This had been one of the most sequestered and beautiful; but a narrow strip of level green sward, between its margin and the surrounding hills, had tempted the avarice of man. The hard hand of rustic toil had been busy there, and the plash of oars sometimes ruffled the calm surface of the lake. But enough of quiet and of nature's wildness yet remained in its green islands to afford a sure retreat to the wild loon, who wheeled, screaming, around, as if to protect her last retreat from the intrusion of man; and the water lily still reposed in its calm beauty, like trusting infancy on its mother's breast.

Turning an angle around the base of a hill that came almost down to the water's edge, I found the shore of the lake extended to a broad level glen, which wound for some distance among the hills. A little brook, with that sparkling purity peculiar to mountain streams, stole through the valley. Just at the point where it mingled with the lake was a farm-house, with nothing in its first appearance to distinguish it from the ordinary dwellings of New England yeomanry. But as I drew nearer, I saw that the hand of taste had been there. The most delicate wild flowers of the surrounding hills and forests had been transplanted to the garden, which sloped gradually from the house to the water's edge. The colors and shades were arranged with a painter's taste, and the effect was surpassingly beautiful. By the doors and windows of the humble mansion, the sweet briar and the pure white rose mingled their delicate blossoms with wild creeping plants, which had been trained up the sides of the house. My curiosity was strongly excited. The day was warm and sultry, and I ventured to crave a stranger's privilege—rest and a glass of water. An elderly female, whose homely garb and manner told that those tasteful ornaments were no work of hers, was the only occupant. I ventured to remark in an inquiring tone on the beauty and arrangement of the flowers; but for a while tears were my only answer. "O," said she at last, "it is the work of my daughter, who sleeps by the side of her two sisters under the shade of those old elms. *She was my youngest*, and so good and gentle, that it was hard parting with her. Her elder sisters had drooped and wasted just as they arrived at womanhood. I thought perhaps they had worked too hard, for we have always earned our bread by the sweat of our brow, and never knew what it was to be idle. Janet was the last, so we put no tasks upon her, but suffered her to work or play, just as she pleased. Our boys were all well to do in the world, and had good farms of their own, except John, who run to learning, and must needs go to college. It was sorely against our will; but he talked so well, and coaxed so much, and told how much good he would do when he became a minister, that we at last consented. After he went away, Janet never seemed like herself. Formerly she would go singing about her work so brighly, that her father called her his lark. But now she looked so sad and lonely, that it made my heart ache to see her. John came home in vacations, and brought her heaps of books; and then she would look happy, and speak and sing in her own clear tones again. When they wandered about in the woods, she would come home with such red cheeks, and her face so covered with glad smiles, that I thought she at least would be spared to my old age. But when he left, she drooped again like a caged bird. Her only happiness seemed to be in reading the books he brought, and tending the flowers he had planted. She took no interest in assisting me; but still she was so kind and obedient, I could not find fault. The summer passed away, and autumn came, and I saw with many a heartache that her forehead and ears grew pale, very pale, while the red on her cheeks grew deeper and brighter. She began to have a slight cough, and her clear voice became faint and low; but O! how sweet it sounded when she took some of the last flowers of autumn, and told me how they spoke of a heavenly Father's love, and that he who thus cared for the flowers would surely care for us. "See, dear mother," she would say, "how carefully the little flower is protected by its clasping leaves, so that it has braved the storm, as tender and delicate as it looks. God has taken care of it, and he will take care of you," and her voice faltered when she added, "even if you were left alone." It was the first time she had spoken of what I feared, yet dared not whisper even to myself. I wept bitterly, and told her, selfish that I was, for I saw that this dark world was as a prison to her, that she must not die. And then she put her arms around my neck, and talked to me of heaven, and how sweet it would be to be there with Agnes and Mary and little Godfrey, and how soon I, too, should be there with them, till I wept no more, and only longed to go with my blessed child.

"We still thought she might live many months, and she talked cheerfully of the happiness she would enjoy when John came home in his winter's vacation. But all at once she grew very sick; we sent for a doctor, and he said she could not live three days. I told her the heavy tidings, for her poor father was broken down with this last trouble, and could not speak of it. "So soon!" said she; but after a moment's pause she added, clasping her thin hands and looking upwards, "Thy will be done!" But, John—I can't die till I have seen him. You must send for him, and I shall live till he comes." I told her he was so far off it would be more than a week before we could get him here. "No matter for that; dear, dear mother, do send for him, and I know I shall not, I cannot die till I have seen him." We sent, and every day she grew weaker and her breath grew fainter. But how sweetly even then did she talk of heaven and of a Savior's love. Almost every hour she would ask, "Has John come yet?" The doctor came again and again, and said he wondered what it was that kept her alive. "Why, Doctor," said she with a faint smile, "I can't die till I have heard his voice in prayer once more." At length the seventh day came. It was the Sabbath, and one of the brightest of early winter mornings. She roused from a deep lethargy, which he had thought would prove her last sleep, and asked me to give her a rose-bud from the bush which stands there in that window. Just then we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs; he had come. But I cannot tell of their meeting. My eyes were too blinded with tears to see it, and my heart too full to remember much. I only remember that in a few moments she showed him the rose-bud, and told him her lot was like that of the flower. But he told her no; the flower perished, but she would bloom again in heaven, where nothing is ever blighted or withered more. She thanked him fervently, and in the clear, musical voice of her brightest days, for all his love to her—for his patient teaching—for instructing her to see a Father's hand in the trees and flowers, in the sunshine and the storm. "And more than all, my brother, I bless you for pointing me to a Savior's love—for leading my wandering, exiled soul to Calvary. I shall now soon be with him. Kneel, my brother, and commend my departing soul to him." We all knelt by the bedside, and my poor boy, with her thin, wasted hand clasped in his, in a few broken petitions implored the blessed Savior to be with her where the love of earthly friends could avail nothing—in her passage through the dark valley. When we rose, her eyes were closed, and a sweet smile played upon her lips. We thought she slept, but it was the sleep of death. Her last wish was accomplished, and she had gone to heaven!"

[Christian Parlor Magazine.

A GOOD STORY.

The editor of the Haverhill Gazette relates the following story, derived from an English clergyman:

In the parish where he was once located, (in England) there lived a young man about 25 years of age, who was so shamefully addicted to the use of ardent spirits, that he was usually known by the cognomen of "Drunken Charley." He was a very ingenious and capable mechanic, and could command the highest wages for his labor. He wholly neglected to provide for his family and expended nearly all his earnings at the pauper mill—alias grog shop. An old lady named Nanny felt an especial interest in his reformation, and although she indulged daily in her glass of *temperate ale*, yet she was never disguised. A notice of a temperance meeting being held in the parish was given out, and Nanny felt anxious that Charley should go and sign the pledge, and she urged him to do so. He inquired if she had signed and learned that she had not. Well, says Charley, "*I'll sign when you do.*" This language took the old lady by surprise. She loved her ale and did not like to give it up, but her anxiety about Charley induced her to attend the meeting and sign. Charley was not backward in fulfilling his part of the contract, although when he made the promise he had no idea Nanny would forego her ale on his account. He worked steady for a month, and at the end of that time had laid by a considerable sum of money. His wife and family were unconscious of what he had done, and had no hope of the future but as indicated by the past—poverty and wretchedness, the usual lot of a drunkard's family. Charley took his money and resolved on a plan to surprise his wife and restore her to gladness. He went to the butcher and baker and purchased a large quantity of provisions, and ordered a ton of coal to be forwarded to his house, requesting of each to forward them immediately. He then started for home, determined to get into the house secretly, and conceal himself in such a manner that he could witness the surprise of his wife on the arrival of so vast a quantity of the necessaries of life. On his way home he stopped into a milliner's and purchased a bonnet for his wife, ordering it to be sent immediately home. He then secreted himself in his house and soon began to witness the arrival of his purchases. As they came in one by one, and piled up the articles on the table, Charley's wife remonstrated—the goods did not belong there, they had mistaken the house. Each one insisted that was the house designated—and that the articles were paid for and delivered per contract. She began to expect the arrival of the landlord of the house with a summons for her to move out, in order to give place to another and steadier tenant, who had sent his fuel, food, &c. in advance. She fell upon her knees and prayed for assistance in this supposed extremity. Charley could remain *incog.* no longer. He burst forth to the wonder and amazement of his wife, and the explanation which followed may be better imagined than described. Charley remained true to his pledge and became an efficient advocate of the temperance cause.

We have introduced this illustration in hopes that some moderate drinker may profit by the lesson conveyed, and be the happy instrument of reforming some unfortunate victim, as did Nanny. Moderate drinker, will you bear the above fact in mind? Singular though it may appear, it is nevertheless strictly true.

FEMALE BEAUTY. Those who are accustomed to enlightened views of female beauty, well know that there are different kinds of personal beauty, among which that of form and coloring hold a very inferior rank. There is a beauty of expression for instance, of sweetness of nobility, of intellectual refinement, of feeling, of animation, of meekness, of resignation and many other kinds of beauty, which may be allied to the plainest features, and yet may remain to give pleasure long after the blooming cheek has faded, and silvery gray has mingled with the hair. And how far more powerful in their influence upon others, are some of those kinds of beauty!—For after all beauty depends more upon the movements of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest; and thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings, acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating cause of the movements or expressions which stamp their character upon it. Who has not waited for the first opening of the lips of a celebrated belle, to see whether her claims would be supported by "the mind, the music breathing of her face;" and who has not occasionally, turned away, repelled by the utter blank, or worse than blank, which the simple movement of the mouth in speaking or smiling has revealed? The language of poety describes the loud laugh as indicative of the vulgar mind; and certainly there are expressions, conveyed through the medium of a smile, which need not Lavater to inform us that [illegible]ment of feeling, or elevation of soul, has little to do with the fair countenance on which they are impressed. On the other hand, there are plain women sometimes met with in society, every movement of whose features is instinct with intelligence; who from the genuine heartwarm smiles which play about the mouth, the sweetly modulated voice, and the lighting up of the eye, that looks as if it could "comprehend the universe," becomes perfectly beautiful to those who live with them and love them. Before such pretensions as these, how soon do the pink and white of a merely pretty face vanish into nothing!

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

For the Register.

A FEW WORDS TO CHILDREN.

It was Sunday morning in June. I had left my home in the crowded city, and was seated at a pleasant window in the house of a friend who resides in a neighboring town, and whose invitation to pass the Sabbath with him, I had thankfully accepted. The prospect was very extensive, commanding a view of the city and its environs, the several railroads, and the monument at Bunker's Hill, commemorating the first struggle of our forefathers for the independence which we enjoy, reminding us of the mighty power which God has given to man.—All these could be seen at a glance, but the bustle which pervaded them through the week, was laid at rest. No noisy omnibuses rattled over the pavement of the Neck; the mighty engine was not seen rushing on its course and its shrill whistle was for one day silent.

The spirit of the Sabbath seemed to pervade the scene, and quiet was upon all around me; but ah! not so; for while I was thanking my Creator for the blessings of the seventh day, when we might rest from the cares and anxieties of the week day world and find ourselves in one better and purer, with time to look through Nature up to Nature's God, my aspirations were interrupted by the exclamation, "I say you shan't have it, its mine," which proceeded from a neighboring dwelling.

Two little boys apparently eight and eleven years old, were near the window violently contending for the chair which stood invitingly by it. "I don't care," replied the elder, as he succeeded in seating himself, "I've got it and I mean to keep it; less see you turn me out of it, if you can," and clinging to the legs with his feet, and fastening his arms around the back, he gave a triumphant laugh. The younger endeavored in vain to remove him, for if he ventured too near the chair, he met with a thrust from first one foot and then the other of the successful occupant. Finding all his efforts vain, he went behind his brother, and pulling his hair, said in an angry tone, "how do you like that, you ugly plague?" The elder started from the chair and pursued his brother, who I suppose ran out of the room, as I heard no more from them.

My friend had two children, James who was nine years old, and Ellen in her seventh year.—When we returned from morning service, James, who had been at Sunday School at the time I was so pained by the conduct of his little neighbors, called to his sister, "come, Ellen, bring your little chair here by me, and I will tell you what my teacher talked about this morning, and read to you out of my Sunday School book."—The child gladly seated herself by his side, and when an hour afterwards, I saw the little girl, usually so active, still quiet and listening to her brother with pleased attention, as he told her stories from the Bible, he reminded me of a friend who once remarked to me, "that he made it his rule, and earnestly endeavored to follow it, so to act, as to do the most good to himself and to all around him." Was not little James acting upon this principle, though perhaps he would have said, he was only trying to keep Ellen from making a noise to trouble mother.—Was he not, by promoting the good of all around him, also doing good to his own soul!

"James assists me very much on Sunday, by taking care of Ellen," said his mother, as she observed how much I was interested in the scene; "he gives her something upon which to exercise her little busy mind, and which keeps her from being troublesome to others, and gives me an opportunity for the quiet thought which the day demands."

How many boys and girls there are, who might by similar means relieve their parents of the care of younger brothers and sisters on the Sabbath. Try it, my young friends, and see if you do not derive as much enjoyment from it, as you will impart. It will often require an effort, to leave the book which interests you, to devote yourselves to others, but the more self-denial you are compelled to exercise, the more beneficial will be the effect upon yourselves.—Try it for once, and I am much mistaken, if you do not find so much pleasure in the thought of the good you are doing, that the first time will not be the last. L.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

A traveller, accompanied by his son, a youth of sixteen, arrived at a ford which it was necessary to cross, but which was rendered difficult by the swelling of the stream. The horse of the father was unwilling to plunge into the water; the son offered to go first, and he followed. When the son gained the shore, he looked back and saw his father was dismounted, struggling in the water, and carried down by the current. He could not swim; the son could, and plunged into the stream to save his father. He reached him before he sank, held him above the water, and told him to take hold of his collar, and he could swim to the shore with him.—The father did so; the anxious son exerted all his strength to stem the current and reach the shore; but, encumbered by his own clothing and the weight of his father, he made no progress. When the father perceived this, he gave up his hold of his son, and motioning to him to save himself, resigned himself to death. The son reached the shore, and was found by some travellers, many hours after, seated on the margin of the stream, with his head resting on his hands, stupified with grief. The body was found; on the countenance was a smile; and the son said, "Just so he smiled on me when he let me go, and pushed me from him."

This affecting narrative should remind us how tenderly Jesus taught that our Heavenly Father loves us much more than an earthly father loves his child; and that from the strength of his love he is ever disposed to confer blessings upon his children.

A DYING MOTHER'S LOVE.

The plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first; the parents watched over them, but only caught the disease they could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way, lived the family of a poor laborer, who was absent during the whole week; only coming on Saturday nights to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night; in the morning she was much worse, and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors. She knew *she must* die, but as she looked upon her dear little boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She therefore locked the children into the room and snatched her bedclothes, lest they should keep the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace.

O think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings, and leave home and all she loved, to die! Her eldest child saw her from the window. "Good bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother left him so strangely. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother pauses; her heart was drawn towards her children, and she was on the point of returning back; she struggled hard, while the tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of her helpless babes. At length she turned from them. The children continued to cry, "Good bye, mother." The sounds sent a thrill of anguish to her heart—but she pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days she died, recommending her husband and children to their care with her last breath.

O that mothers were as careful not to impart the worse contagion of sin to their children.

THE QUAKER AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

A Quaker, passing through a market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of citrons.

"I have none," said the honest countryman, "that will suit you; they are decayed, and their flavor is gone."

"Thank thee, friend; I will go to the next stand."

"Hast thou any good fruit to day," said he to the dealer.

"Yes, sir; here are some of the finest nutmegs of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

"Then thou canst recommend them?"

"O, certainly sir."

"Very well; I will take two." He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning he again repaired to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the preceding day asked him if he would like some more.

"Nay, friend; thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou may'st speak the truth still I cannot trust thee; but thy neighbor chose to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou would'st do well to remember this, and learn by experience, that a falsehood is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end."

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[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]

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The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.

Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.

Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.

Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]

Boston, March 1, 1845.

The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disturbance of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.

The patent Bath of Mr Bates, manufactured by L. V. Badger, is an article not only well adapted to all the cleanly purposes of the body, but so combines neatness and elegance as to be an ornament to any chamber.—The day cannot be far distant, when it will be deemed as essential to furnish the dressing room with one of these, as it formerly was with the wash-basin, and the advantages to the health resulting from the change, will soon make themselves apparent.

J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]

Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.

I am respectfully yours, &c.

H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]

Mr L. V. Badger: Sir,—I have used one of your Patent Shower Baths for nearly a year, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the public. After I had given it a fair trial, I was so impressed with its usefulness, that I took special pains to speak of it to persons of my acquaintance, many of whom have purchased the article, and recommend it in the highest terms. My family would be willing to part with many articles, which are commonly considered of prime necessity, rather than relinquish their shower bath. If every householder could be induced to purchase one, we should hear less of those terrible pulmonary complaints, which are the scourge of New England.

The following gentlemen have the Bath in use in their families:

Hon Peleg Sprague, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice S. J. Court.
Hon Robert C. Winthrop, Member of Congress.
Hon John Quincy Adams, do do.
Hon Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston.
Rev Francis Parkman, Boston.
Professor Felton, Harvard College.
Dr John C. Warren, Boston.
Dr Winslow Lewis, Jr. do.
Dr John Homans, do.
Dr J. W. F. Lane, do.
Professor Greenleaf, Harvard College.
Charles Sumner, Esq., Boston.
Dr Wigglesworth, do.
Dr G. H. Lodge, do.
Rev John Pierpont, do.
Rev Samuel Barrett, do.
Lucius M. Sargent, Roxbury.

Also, Badger's Vapor Apparatus, to be used with or without the Shower Bath; Bathing Tubs and Pans; Roman Hip or Sitz Baths; Leg, Head, Feet, Arm and Elbow Bathing Vessels; Foot Tubs and Pneumatic Baths; Hair Mittens and Rubbers; Bathing Caps, &c. &c. L. V. BADGER, 49 Congress st. ag29 3m

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This establishment will re-open after the present vacation, on Monday, 21st September. Parents and Guardians desirous to place their children and wards, are respectfully requested to apply for admission into the School early in Sept.

REFERENCES.—Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburne, Daniel Sharp, D. D., Rev Edward N. Kirk, Rev Baron Stow, Rev R. W. Cushman, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Samuel Walley, Sen., Esq., Jonathan Forbush, Esq., Boston; Hon. Isaac Livermore, Cambridge; Isaac Winslow, Esq., P. Wainwright, Esq., Roxbury; Rev. Alfred L. Baury, Newton, L. F.; Daniel L. Carroll, D. D., New York; Rev John Owen, New York; Rev. J. Pierpont, Troy, N. Y.; Col. Sherburne, U. S. A., Philadelphia; Rev. Hiram P. Goodrich, Jefferson City, Mo. is2wos4w a29

CHURCH ORGANS. Societies or Committees about purchasing Organs are invited to call at our Manufactory, on Causeway, opposite Nashua st., Boston, where they will find new and second hand Organ constantly on hand.

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We would refer to the large Organ lately built by us in the Rev. Dr. Beecher's Church, Salem street.

Professional reference of the first authority.

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PALFREY'S LOWELL LECTURES. Lowell Lectures on the evidence of Christianity, by John Gorham Palfrey, with a discourse on the Life and Character of John Lowell, Jr., by Edward Everett, 2 vols 8vo. Published by J. MRNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. ag1

FLINT'S GEOGRAPHY. The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley; to which is appended a Condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic United States, and the whole American Continent; second edition; by Timothy Flint, author of "Recollections of the last Ten Years in the Mississippi Valley." For sale at the office of the Christian Register, 14 Water street. ap11

AMERICAN ALMANAC. In press, and will shortly be issued, The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, Vol 18, for 1847, published on entirely new type, and superior to the previous volumes. JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3t s26

Mechanical and Dental Surgery. Teeth at Cost, until Jan. 1, 1847! OFFICE, No. 266, opposite to No, 307, Washington Street, CORNER OF AVON PLACE, BOSTON.

FOR the purpose of introducing more extensively in many important respects, an entire new mode of preparing and mounting Mineral Teeth on plate, the merits of which, it is confidently believed will be found to greatly exceed the usual method of preparing them, the subscriber has been induced to offer such terms, for a limited time, as will not only give to the public generally an opportunity of testing the practical value of his theory, but will offer a rare opportunity for the poorer classes, whose means are too limited to pay the usual price demanded. The new principle is not only applicable to small cases of two or more teeth, but it is peculiarly and *especially* adapted to whole and half sets, where the alveolar or dental ridge has become uneven or irregular by the absorbing of some parts more than others. In all such cases it will be readily seen by an examination of the jaw, that *carved* work in blocks, prepared expressly for each case, is necessary, for restoring that which has been removed by absorption and for bringing out the cheeks and lips to their natural and uniform fullness. The difficulties to be overcome in whole and half sets, so far as the proper form is concerned, are thus fully met by this mode, and it is not possible to accomplish it so perfectly by any other means. It is the want of this ingeniously wrought block-work, to remedy the defects above referred to, that so many are unsuccessful in giving satisfaction in their plate work,—especially in whole and half sets. Another advantage of carved work,—and one of great importance too, is its cleanliness. Unless the teeth are moulded to fit the plate in the most perfect manner, the fine particles of masticated food, with the liquors of the mouth, will, as a matter of course, pass between the teeth and the plate; and after being retained there a few days, it being impossible to remove them, will invariably become offensive and taint the breath. Another advantage of paramount importance which the carved work has over that of single teeth, is, its perfect articulation. Each tooth should meet its opposite in the most exact manner in masticating food; otherwise the whole work will prove a source of continual annoyance, only known to those who have worn them. There are other advantages in this style of work, that can only be understood and appreciated by an examination of specimens that may be seen at the subscriber's office, which the public are respectfully invited to examine for themselves. They consist of whole and half sets; and a variety of cases of smaller magnitude, where great difficulty is overcome. They cannot fail to excite admiration from all who are pleased with close imitations of nature, and would inspire a confidence in their merits that the wearing of them would only tend to strengthen.

TERMS.

Up to Jan. 1, 1847, the following terms will be strictly observed for all cases of plate work from a single tooth to a whole set, viz: When a fit and finish of the work are produced, to the satisfaction of the person for whom they were made, the charge will be simply the cost of the materials used in their construction, which will be less than one half the price usually paid; and after wearing them six months, if perfect satisfaction is not then given, the teeth may be returned, and the amount paid for them will be refunded. Old plate work that has been worn with much inconvenience, will be exchanged for new on paying a small difference. All other branches of Dentistry, such as Filling, Setting on Pivot, Cleansing, Polishing, Regulating, Killing Nerves, Extracting, &c, will be attended to in the most thorough, faithful, and scientific manner, and on the following terms, viz.—For filling common sized cavities with gold, $1; for other kinds of Filling, from 50 cents to $1; For setting on gold pivot, $2; For Cleansing, $1; Extracting 25 cents. Examinations and advise gratis. All operations warranted.

Carved work in block for whole and half sets will be got up for other Dentists on reasonable terms.

S. STOCKING, *Surgeon Dentist.*

July 29, 1846. 6m

GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—JENKS & PALMER have just published the forty-first editon of 'a Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship,' by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.

This collection of Psalms and Hymns is universally approved, by all persons who have examined it; and has given great satisfaction where it has been used.

The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. J. Pierpont;) Second Society (Rev. C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Channing;) Bulfinch st. Church (Rev. Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev. Mr. Coolidge,) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev. Dr. Dewey;) Church of the Savior, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Rev. Mr. Farley;) Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Ipswich, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Sterling, Mass; Portsmouth, Walpole, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Agusta, Bangor, Casine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I.; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Alton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.

The book was enlarged upon publication of the six teenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns.—Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington st., (up stairs.) March 28 tf

BOARDING SCHOOL AT CONCORD, MASS. The academic year in the subscriber's School is divided into three terms of fifteen weeks each, commencing on the first Mondays of January, May and September. The School is a private Academy, limited in number, and receives the undivided attention of its teachers. Every effort is made to render the School and family *pleasant* and *profitable* to the pupils;—the course of instruction embraces the branches of a thorough English and classical education.

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Reference is permitted to the following gentlemen in Boston:—Samuel Greele, F. O. Watts, Francis Fisher, W. W. Clapp, Joseph Breck, George Howe, J. L. L. F. Warren, Levi Parker, Wm. J. Adams, Wm. D. Swan and David Reed; Drs. A. Ball, John Homans, J. V. C. Smith, and Rev. F. D. Huntington; Dr. Edward Jarvis of Dorchester, and Hon. Samuel Hoar and Joseph Barrett Esq. of Concord.

CHARLES W. GOODNOW. Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

VENTILATE YOUR HOUSES. A Practical Treatise on Ventilation, by Morrill Wyman. This is a Practical Treatise on Ventilation, embracing much scientific and useful information upon a subject that is applicable to our own country. The design of the author, as expressed upon its pages, is to present to the public those principles of ventilation which have been for the most part, successfully applied in Europe, and also to offer such suggestions and arrangements as seem best fitted to answer that purpose in our own climate.—Entering into a philosophical and analytical investigation of the real qualities of the atmosphere, he proceeds to the consideration of the mode of preventing and removing impurities of the air, and the proper manner of ventilating the various edifices which require it. The work is one of great practical value. [Merchants' Magazine.

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